

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



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A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1921.

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JAMES BIRD,

Clerk of the London County Council.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

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Education Office, Sheffield.

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H. CRAVEN,

Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Sunderland,
February 3, 1921.

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H. CRAVEN,

Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Sunderland,
February 3, 1921.

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T. ARTHUR EAVES,

Secretary and Executive Officer.

Education Offices, Charles Street, Newport, Mon.,
February 2, 1921.

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The appointment will be made subject to the selected candidate satisfactorily passing a medical examination.

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J. PERCY SHUTER,

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COUNTY COUNCIL OF DURHAM.

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J. H. HARDCASTLE,

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F. C. SMITHARD,

Secretary for Education.

Education Office, Becket Street, Derby,

February 7, 1921.

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THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
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THE ARTS

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

WITH the present number THE ATHENÆUM ceases to appear as an independent literary organ. The next issue will be published on February 19 as an integral part of THE NATION, with which THE ATHENÆUM will henceforward be amalgamated. THE NATION will be permanently enlarged, so as to secure adequate space for literature, and the name, THE ATHENÆUM, will be retained for this section of the Review.

* * * *

Under the new conditions the utmost possible will be done to maintain the tradition established anew by THE ATHENÆUM since, April 1919, when it once more became a weekly critical journal. Arrangements have been made whereby a number of the writers with whose work our readers have become familiar will continue their services. Thus will be preserved that unity of outlook and sincerity of judgment which has won for THE ATHENÆUM since its resuscitation an unique reputation. THE ATHENÆUM in its new form will have among its regular collaborators J. Middleton Murry, (literary criticism), Katherine Mansfield (short stories), J. W. N. Sullivan (science), Edward J. Dent (music), Edmund Blunden (bibliography and literary gossip), and others.

* * * *

To those of our readers who may, not unnaturally, hesitate about the expediency of uniting THE ATHENÆUM, which has no politics, with THE NATION, which is primarily a political organ, the reply is simple. Pure literary criticism is independent of political philosophies; while, in the case of criticism of works having a political import, it will be found that the ideal background of the writers in THE ATHENÆUM

is akin to, if not identical with, that of THE NATION. THE ATHENÆUM has held, and will hold fast to, the principle that the reconstruction of Europe is most powerfully helped by the internationalism which is essential to the arts and the sciences. We are for the peace and reconciliation of the world because that is the only atmosphere in which the arts and sciences can flourish, and we regard as a positive danger that modern confusion in which political chauvinism and sincere literary and scientific criticism are held to be compatible.

* * * *

More and more the commercial press, necessarily devoid of principles and ideals, is crushing out of existence those organs of independent opinion which, like THE ATHENÆUM, endeavour to stimulate the habit of clear and honest thinking. Literature, the arts and sciences are now considered by the managers of the "circulation" newspapers as unworthy of their attention. They do not "pull" readers; they do not help sales. It is useless to lament the fact that the general public is more interested in the news that the wife of a newly created peer has "gone in for" bobsleighing or fortune-telling than in a careful criticism of Mr. Wells' "History of the World." There may come a time when this surfeit of sensationalism will produce nausea. But in the interval it is doubly necessary that the tradition of honest criticism should be maintained.

* * * *

This can only be achieved by the co-operation of our readers. We ask them to realize that it is not sufficient in these days to appreciate and admire a paper conducted on the principles of THE ATHENÆUM. They must endeavour to make two readers grow where there was one before

SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND

A CONTRAST WITH SPANISH DRAMA

IN classical Spanish drama the masks are few. The characters hardly have individual names. The lady in Calderon, for instance, if she is not Beatriz will be Leonor, and under either name so superlatively beautiful, young, chaste, eloquent, devoted, and resourceful, as to be indistinguishable from her namesakes in the other plays. The hero is always exaggeratedly in love, exaggeratedly chivalrous, and absolutely perfect, save for this heroic excess of sensitiveness and honour. The old father is always austere, unyielding, perverse, and sublime. All the maids in attendance possess the same roguishness, the same genius for intrigue and lightning mendacity; whilst the valet, whether called Crispin or Florin, is always a faithful soul and a coward, with the same quality of rather forced humour. No diversity from play to play save the diversity in the fable, in the angle at which the stock characters are exhibited and the occasion on which they versify; for they all versify in the same style, with the same inexhaustible facility, abundance, rhetorical finish, and lyric fire.

Why this monotony? Did Spanish life afford fewer contrasts, less individuality of character and idiom, than did the England of Shakespeare? Hardly: in Spain the soldier of fortune, the grandee, peasant, monk, or prelate, the rogue, beggar, and bandit were surely as highly characterized as anything to be then found in England; and Spanish women in their natural ardour of affection, in their ready speech and discretion, in their dignity and religious consecration, lent themselves rather better, one would think, to the making of heroines than did those comparatively cool and boylike young ladies whom Shakespeare transmuted into tragic angels. I think we may go further and say positively that it was Spain rather than England that could have shown the spectacle of "every man in his humour."

Even in the days before Puritanism English character was English; it tended to silent independence and outward reserve, preferring to ignore its opposite rather than to challenge it. In pose and expression the Spaniard is naturally more theatrical and pungent; and his individuality itself is stiffer. No doubt, in society, he will simulate and dissimulate as an Englishman never would; but he is prompted to this un-English habit by the very fixity of his purposes; all his courtesy and loyalty are ironical, and inwardly he never yields an inch. He likes if possible to be statuesque; he likes to appeal to his own principles and character, and to say, "Sir, whatever you may think of it, that is the sort of man I am." He has that curious form of self-love which inclines to parade even its defects, as a mourner parades his grief. He admits readily that he is a sinner, and that he means to remain one; he composes his countenance proudly on that basis; whereas when English people say they are miserable sinners (which happens only in church) they feel perhaps that they are imperfect or unlucky, and they may even contemplate being somewhat different in future; but it never occurs to them to classify themselves as miserable

sinners for good, with a certain pride in their class, deliberately putting on the mask of Satan or the cock's feather of Mephistopheles and saying to all concerned, "See what a very devil I am!" The Englishman's sins are slips; he feels he was not himself on those occasions, and does not think it fair to be reminded of them. Though theology may sometimes have taught him that he is a sinner fundamentally, such is not his native conviction; the transcendental ego in him cannot admit any external standard to which it ought to have conformed. The Spaniard is metaphysically humbler, knowing himself to be a creature of accident and fate; yet he is dramatically more impudent, and respects himself more than he respects other people. He laughs at kings; and as amongst beggars it is etiquette to whine, and ostentatiously to call oneself blind, old, poor, crippled, hungry, and a brother of yours, so amongst avowed sinners it may become a point of pride to hold, as it were, the record as a liar, a thief, an assassin, or a harlot. These rôles are disgraceful when one is reduced to them by force of circumstances or for some mean ulterior motive, but they recover their human dignity when one wears them as a chosen mask in the comedy of life. The pose, at that angle, redeems the folly, and the façade the building. Nor is this a lapse into sheer immorality; there is many a primitive or animal level of morality beneath the conventional code; and often crime and barbarism are as proud of themselves as virtue, and no less punctilious. If there is effrontery in such a rebellion, there may be also sincerity, courage, relief, profound truth to one's own nature. Hence the eloquence of romanticism. Passion and wilfulness (which romantics think are above criticism) cannot be expected to understand that, if they merged and subsided into a harmony, the life distilled out of their several deaths would be infinitely more living and varied than any of them, and would be beautiful and perfect to boot; whereas the romantic chaos which they prolong by their obstinacy is the most hideous of hells. But avowed sinners and proud romantics insist on preserving and on loving hell, because they insist on loving and preserving themselves.

It was not, then, moral variety that was lacking in Spain, always a romantic country, but only interest in moral variety. This lack of interest was itself an expression of romantic independence, intensity, and pride. The gentleman with his hand always on the hilt of his sword, lest some whiff from anywhere should wound his vanity, or the monk perpetually murmuring *memento mori*, closed his mind to every alien vista. Of course he knew that the world was full of motley characters: that was one of his reasons for holding it at arm's length. What were those miscellaneous follies to him but an offence or a danger? Why should he entertain his leisure in depicting or idealizing them? If some psychological zoologist cared to discant on the infinity of phenomena, natural or moral, well and good; but how should such things charm a man of honour, a Christian, or a poet? They might indeed be referred to on occasion, as fabulists make the animals speak, with a humorous and satirical intention, as a sort of warning and confirmation to us in our chosen path; but an

appealing poet, for such tightly integrated minds, must illustrate and enforce their personal feelings. Moreover, although in words and under the spell of eloquence the Spaniard may often seem credulous and enthusiastic, he is disillusioned and cynical at heart; he does not credit the existence of motives or feelings better than those he has observed, or thinks he has observed. His preachers recommend religion chiefly by composing invectives against the world, and his political writers express sympathy with one foreign country only out of hatred for another, or perhaps for their own. The sphere of distrust and indifference begins for him very near home; he has little speculative sympathy with life at large; he is cruel to animals; he shrugs his shoulders at crime in high places; he feels little responsibility to the public, and has small faith in time and in work. This does not mean in the least that his character is weak or his morality lax within its natural range: his affections are firm, his sense of obligation deep, his delicacy of feeling often excessive: he is devoted to his family, and will put himself to any inconvenience to do a favour to a friend at the public expense. There are definite things to which his sentiments and habits have pledged him: beyond that horizon nothing speaks to his heart.

Such a people will not go to the play to be vaguely entertained, as if they were previously bored. They are not habitually bored; they are full to the brim of their characteristic passions and ideas. They require that the theatre should set forth these passions and ideas as brilliantly and convincingly as possible, in order to be confirmed in them, and to understand and develop them more clearly. Variety of plot and landscape they will relish, because nothing is easier for them than to imagine themselves born in the purple, or captive, or in love, or in a difficult dilemma of honour; and they will be deeply moved to see some constant spirit, like their own, buffeted by fortune, but even in the last extremity never shaken. The whole force of their dramatic art will lie in leading them to dream of themselves in a different, perhaps more glorious, position, in which their latent passions might be more splendidly expressed. These passions are intense and exceptionally definite; and this is the reason, I think, for the monotony of Spanish music, philosophy, and romantic drama. All eloquence, all issues, all sentiments, if they are not to seem vapid and trivial, must be such as each man can make his own, with a sense of enhanced vitality and moral glory. The lady, if he is to warm to her praises, must not be less divine than the one he loves, or might have loved; the hero must not fall short of what, under such circumstances, he himself would have wished to be. The language, too, must always be worthy of the theme: it cannot be too rapturous and eloquent. Unless his soul can be fired by the poet's words, and can sing them, as it were, in chorus, he will not care to listen to them. But he will not tire of the same cadences or the same images—stars, foam, feathers, flowers—if these symbols, better than any others, transport him into the ethereal atmosphere which it is his pleasure to breathe.

The Spanish nation boils the same peas for its dinner the whole year round; it has only one religion,

if it has any; the pious part of it recites the same prayers fifty or one hundred and fifty times daily, almost in one breath; the gay and sentimental part never ceases to sing the same *jotas* and *malagueñas*. Such constancy is admirable. If a dish is cheap, nutritious, and savoury on Monday, it must be so on Tuesday, too; it was a ridiculous falsehood, though countenanced by some philosophers, which pretended that always to feel (or to eat) the same thing was equivalent to never feeling (or eating) anything. Nor does experience of a genuine good really have any tendency to turn it into an evil, or into an indifferent thing; at most, custom may lead people to take it for granted, and the thoughtless may forget its value, until, perhaps, they lose it. Of course, men and nations may slowly change their nature, and consequently their rational preferences; but at any assigned time a man must have some moral complexion, or if he has none, not much need be said about him.

But there is another point to be considered. Need human nature's daily food be exclusively the Spanish pea? Might it not just as well be rice, or polenta, or even beef and bacon? Much as I admire my countrymen's stomachs for making a clear choice and for sticking to it, I rather pity them for the choice they have made. That hard yellow pea is decidedly heavy, flatulent, and indigestible. I am sure Pythagoras would not have approved of it; possibly it is the very bean he abhorred. Against the *jota* and the *malagueña* I can say nothing; I find in them I know not what infinite, never-failing thrill and inimitable power, the power which perfection of any kind always has; yet what are they in comparison to all the possibilities of human music? Enjoyment, which some people call criticism, is something æsthetic, spontaneous, and irresponsible; the æsthetic perfection of anything is incommensurable with that of anything else. But there is a responsible sort of criticism which is political and moral, and which turns on the human advantage of possessing or loving this or that sort of perfection. To cultivate some sorts may be useless or even hostile to the possible perfection of human life. Spanish religion, again, is certainly most human and most superhuman; but its mystic virtue to the devotee cannot alter the fact that, on a broad view, it appears to be a romantic *tour de force*, a desperate illusion, fostered by premature despair and by a total misunderstanding of nature and history. Finally, those lyrical ladies and entranced gentlemen of the Spanish drama are like filigree flowers upon golden stems; they belong to a fantastic ballet, to an exquisite dream, rather than to sane human society. The trouble is not that their types are few and constant, but that these types are eccentric, attenuated, and forced. They would not be monotonous if they were adequate to human nature. How vast, how kindly, how enveloping does the world of Shakespeare seem in comparison! We seem to be afloat again on the tide of time, in a young, green world; we are ready to tempt new fortunes, in the hope of reaching better things than we know. And this is the right spirit; because although the best, if it had been attained, would be all-sufficient, the best is not yet.

G. SANTAYANA.

PUMPKINS

I.

EVERY year, Spring—the urge towards renewal, the yearning for creation—gets into Alita's blood. . . .

I have discovered the real reason why Alita left her home in Bloemfontein and came to cook for us in Johannesburg. It is not, as I thought, a question of higher wages at all. It has nothing to do with the fact that native women do not carry passes in Johannesburg, and that for them curfew does not toll at night. Alita left Bloemfontein because her husband beat her. And her husband beat her for the good reason that she would not obey his aged mother. As he pointed out: "A man can have many wives. But no man can have more than one mother."

The ruling thus laid down by Itumeleng, based though it is on an acute observation of natural phenomena, has had the not very surprising effect of annoying Alita. And so, for all practical purposes, she has deserted Itumeleng. And not only has she deserted him, but she has taken away with her their son Sydney, and fitted him into the position of garden boy with us. It is a business that has left Itumeleng sullen and introspective.

And that, in short, is why it happens that Alita experiences the manifestations of Spring, not in Bloemfontein, but in Johannesburg.

II.

All through the winter we have a drought, and by the time September comes the earth is dry and hard, the winds whistle harshly in all directions, and the loose red dust forms itself into gyrating columns which chase each other malignantly up and down the streets. Then, bodies and souls being parched and exhausted, we study the skies for rain. . . .

Finally one day Alita makes a pronouncement. The moon. The little thin new moon is in his heaven, and he is lying (Alita holds her two hands obliquely) at such an angle. And the significance of this is that we shall have rain. Did we know that?

We did not know that; and, besides, any importance we may have attached to Alita's richer meteorological training is dispelled by her next remark.

"We Kaffirs," she continues complacently, "have not much book-learning, but we know our little things. I will tell you more about the moon. . . . When the new moon is lying on his back" (she puts her wrists together at the palms, and her curved fingers point upwards as the horns of the moon)—"when the moon does that it means there will be great sickness and death in the land."

Great sickness and death! But, again, why dismiss the portent contemptuously? The moon may not be quite wrong. Among the Kaffirs is there not always great sickness and death in the land?

But forget that to-day! Life is for the living. Spring is here. And Alita is going to plant.

She is going to plant mealies, watermelons, sweetmelons, and pumpkins. Alita knows there are other fruits and vegetables; but those she regards as being strictly white people's affairs. For herself, she

belongs to the old school. She plants the things her forefathers planted.

The sky is cloudless. There seems no prospect of rain. But the moon . . . the moon is reclining as on an easy-chair.

Alita goes to work.

The following is her procedure. She takes a little stick and makes, haphazard, a scratch in the ground. Into the scratch she puts a seed and covers it with a few grains of sand. Then she makes another scratch and puts in another seed. Then another scratch and another seed. Then . . . And so on. Alita's work is done.

Under the circumstances you might expect her to eke out her labour with, at least, a little incantation. But Alita is not that kind of person at all. She relies solely on the forces of God and nature. "Now," she says piously, looking at the sky again, "the Old Man on high must send rain."

This, I understand from Alita, is the system of agriculture she has inherited from her ancestors.

Still, sooner or later, it is bound to rain. And then, miraculously, little sprigs of green begin to poke through the earth. Most of them are weeds, but a few of them are the fruits of Alita's sowing, and she points them out delightedly. "But the weeds, Alita," we ask. "Aren't you going to do something about the weeds?" Alita shakes her head. "We Kaffirs don't trouble ourselves about those things," she says tranquilly.

Well, it may be that the soil of Basutoland is more hospitable than ours; but the fact remains that, with us, only the pumpkins come to maturity. However, Alita is satisfied. Pumpkins are her favourite food. "There are pumpkins enough," she says cheerfully, "to make a person sick. I could eat myself dead on pumpkins."

The difficulty is that she expects us to do the same. It is largely our own fault, of course. It was actually our suggestion that she should plant vegetables among the fruit trees, and we would buy the vegetables from her—at a trade discount. The scheme was an excellent one, since poor Alita sends her whole wages home every month, and reserves for her own needs only "extras." Vegetables were, obviously, an extra, a legitimate source of personal income. . . .

Only, as I have said, Alita's vegetables are, in the end, represented only by pumpkins. The result is that, as Alita is anxious to make a little money, pumpkin has become with us a staple article of diet. But we are not really attached to pumpkin as a daily habit, and when we see the gross plants sprawling all about among the fruit trees, we are prepared heartily to agree with Alita that "there are pumpkins enough to make a person sick."

III.

Now see the workings of Fate.

At the height of the last pumpkin season Alita received a letter from Bloemfontein. All Alita's heart-beats are set in motion by letters from Bloemfontein, the home of her clan. As Alita is not "learned," it is my duty to read and answer her letters. This one ran as follows, and was in a handwriting strange to me:

My DEAR ALITA,—I let you know your child Emily is sick with a bad sickness. If you do not come at once you shall not see your child alive. I say come at once.

I am your dear husband,
JOHN ITUMELENG.

P.S.—We don't see the rain. Only this hotness.

I read through the letter quickly before passing on its contents to Alita.

"Alita," I said, "it is bad news."

I had not noticed if the new moon was lying on his back. But Alita is ever ready for the worst, and Emily is her dearest possession.

"My child is dead!" she said in a choked voice.

"My only girl child that I had."

"No, she isn't dead. But she is very sick. They want you to go to her at once."

I read out the letter.

"My child is dead," repeated Alita. "I know it." And she went to pack her belongings, her face grey under the brown skin, her hands shaking.

"But won't you come back, Alita?" I asked her.

Alita shook her head. "If Emily dies, I must stay to look after her child, Josephine."

Two hours later she left the house, followed by Sydney, carrying her bundles. As she walked away I heard a sound which, at first, I took to be the wind moaning in the eaves. And then it came to me that it was the savage bursting its way through Alita's civilization. I stood on the balcony and saw her climb down the kopje which bears our street on its crest, and across the little spruit at the foot of the kopje. And unceasingly the high-pitched, long-drawn wailing came from her; until no sound came any more at all. . . I watched the two figures grow small on the red diagonal line which was their path across the veld, separating suburb from city.

And as I stood watching from the balcony, my eyes fell on the vigorous green that was the pumpkin patch. "It's no use leaving those," I thought. "We shan't need to eat them any more now. Tomorrow they can be given to the neighbours."

A day passed. At ten o'clock the following morning a weary, dusty figure came into the kitchen.

"Why, Alita!" I exclaimed.

"Has missis got another cook yet?" she asked.

"No."

"Then I am back. . . I have not eaten since yesterday morning," she continued, and made herself a cup of tea.

"And Emily?" I demanded. "How is Emily?"

"Emily is well."

"But the letter!"

"The letter was a lie. My sorrow was for nothing. Itumeleng wanted me back. He thought to cheat me with the letter. He believed that if I was once in Bloemfontein he could make me stay. But he does not know Alita yet. I came back with the next train."

She put down her cup.

"It is finished with Itumeleng," she said, and walked out of the kitchen, and towards the fruit trees.

As she did so, my heart sank at a sudden recollection.

"Alita," I said, "your pumpkins. I thought you were not coming back. I have given them away."

"All?"

"Yes, all. To the neighbours. Yesterday."

I hurried on with explanations.

Alita ignored them, and came directly to the point. "Then the people in this house do not like pumpkins?"

"That is not the question. I had no right to give away what belongs to you. I'll pay you for your pumpkins, Alita."

Alita stood silently looking towards her pumpkin patch. Finally she spoke.

"It was right," she said, in heavy judgment on herself, "that Itumeleng should cheat me. For I am a cheat also. I cheated myself to think that missis liked my pumpkins. And I cheated missis to take from her money for things she did not want. Don't speak to me of more payment, my missis. I am shamed enough."

She turned away from the meaningless leaves and the barren stalks. As she did so, I saw her raise the corner of her apron. And I knew that down the brown old cheeks the tears were following each other along their accustomed route.

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN.

Poetry

THE LION, LIKE THE UNICORN

The lion, like the Unicorn,
Strange spirit with inky hair,
From print shall glower when Death drags off
Some Zoo's last mangy pair.

Behind their bars those tawny cats,
With bloodshot, yellow eyes,
Shall dully gaze at women's hats
And men's bright-coloured ties.

They shall not miss the sandy plains,
The desert's scent at morn;
The mountains are unknown to them
In captivity born.

But hunger fills their bloody eyes
For what they do not know;
Pacing their cage with mournful cries,
Up and down they go.

They sweat in dreadful agony,
They bound against the bars;
The silk ties and the coloured hats
Depart. Out come the stars:

Bright multitudes, they fill the dark;
Their silent, silver stain
Falls softly on the gazing lions;
They roar and roar again.

And when the full-orbed Moon shines down
They stand with lashing tails;
Before that awful, silent light
The heart of each one quails.

The spirit that in the desert roamed
And drank at starlit fords,
And hunted the great black buffalo down,
Slinks on the sawdust boards.

Weep, soul, for the lion that is dead;
This Wonder flung by men
Into the common burying cart
Shall not walk earth again.

W. J. TURNER.

REVIEWS

MR. DOUGHTY'S ARABIA

TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA. By Charles M. Doughty. (Lee Warner and Jonathan Cape. 189s. net.)

IT is strangely and appropriately exhausting to read steadily through the two stout volumes of Doughty's "Arabia Deserta." There are no suave and saving mists to mitigate our contact with that grim, basaltic waste, whose inhabitants seem to live in some close communion with the primeval rock of which their deserts are made. At most, to vary the deadly clarity of this "seeing of a hungry man," we find traces of a fever passing over his vision, troubling it indeed, but troubling it only in such a way that it becomes for the moment superhumanly, menacingly clear—the reflection of a brightness through a burning crystal.

"Travels in Arabia Deserta" is a great book for the simplest and most sufficient of reasons: it is a direct enlargement of human experience. The burden of the new experience is at times all but intolerable. We are made to suffer torments of thirst, of hunger, of heat, of the fanatical cruelty of men. Nothing is interposed between our sensitiveness and the barren, yet austere beautiful reality, and if there are moments when the strange reality is bathed in the quality of a dream, it is because the traveller's most enduring flesh and blood had reached the limit of its power. It is a dream to us because it was a dream to him.

Part of the fascination of the book lies, no doubt, in the indomitable courage of body and soul of the self-effacing man who hides behind it; but it is only because this twofold courage was transformed (yet without losing its peculiar and unfamiliar virtues) into a courage wholly of the world of art that we are able to surrender ourselves to the influence of the personality of which the book is so complete an expression. For "Arabia Deserta" is a triumph both of art and of personality. All great books are that, in some degree; yet the duality holds good of Mr. Doughty's masterpiece in a peculiar and perhaps unique sense: for Mr. Doughty is rather the writer of one great book than a great writer. He is a man who, whether by good fortune or careful choice, found the subject pre-eminently fitted to his character and his gifts; who realized his opportunity and his responsibility, and devoted himself entirely over a long space of years to the task of completely crystallizing himself about the core of a subject which he recognized to be mysteriously congenial.

We feel, indeed, that no other theme could have called forth the whole of Mr. Doughty's powers. His poems, remarkable though they are, are fragmentary and uneven in comparison with "Arabia Deserta"; their pure and pellucid beauties are too often hidden away in the crannies of a complex structure and an obscure language which the author's imaginative power has not been sufficient to dominate or to fuse. Mr. Doughty's imaginative range is essentially narrow, and this very narrowness, which has made of his poems a comparative failure, has been one of the most potent elements in the triumphant achievement of "Arabia Deserta." Here, in the attempt to record imperishably the lineaments of a secret and inhospitable land and of the people it has produced to be its denizens, was no need of that elasticity of the imagination which is necessary to great poetry. The needs were opposite to this: first, of that amazing courage of body and spirit which enabled him to wander unfriended for two years among nomad tribesmen, in whom the traditional hospitality fought ever a doubtful battle with their hatred of the Christian, and whose living (even when they were friendliest) was of a harshness and scarcity hardly imaginable to the European; then, in order to under-

stand and sympathize with them, of a measure of that religious sternness which daily threatened him; and, last and greatest, of the patience to hammer out of the English speech a language apt to render this strange, ageless Semitic world, where the shadows of mind and earth are black and the lights glaring, where there is neither haze nor hesitation, and the thoughts of three thousand years of Western civilization are utterly unknown.

From what we have called, somewhat roughly and ungraciously, Mr. Doughty's narrowness all these needs could be supplied. His own disposition was toward spiritual issues made, to a modern sense, inhumanly clear. Against fanaticism he could pit a stubbornness which itself seems little short of the fanatical; to strike against the religious rock of the Arabs he found steel in himself.

And as we drank around they bade me call myself a "Misslim," and in my heart be still of what opinion I would (this indulgence is permitted in the koran to any persecuted Moslem)—words not far from wisdom; and I have often felt the iniquitous fortune of travelling thus, an outlawed man (and in their sight worthy of death), only for a name, in Arabia. It had cost me little or naught to confess Konfuchu or Socrates to be apostles of Ullah; but I could not find it in my life to confess their barbaric prophet of Mecca, and enter, under the yoke, their solemn fools' paradise.

Indeed, the elements of a martyr were in Mr. Doughty, and many were the times toward the end of his pilgrimage when he came within a hairsbreadth of what had been martyrdom of the purest kind; and the very straitness of his detestation of Islam brought him nearer than any politic complaisance could have done to an understanding of those for whom Mohammed was truly the prophet of God. Again in his predilections in the English language itself Mr. Doughty knows no compromise; he is, one might fairly say, an Old Believer; Spenser first, and Chaucer second, are his gods and there is none beside them. For him the magnificent efflorescence of the language of Shakespeare and Milton might never have been; hardly even the English Bible.

Such then was the man who measured himself with unknown Arabia—a man of a higher and more enlightened tradition, but of a similar basic austerity. No man more proof against the assaults of Arabia ever entered into her; and none more fitted by temper, or by experiences to be endured by that temper alone, to be her patient recreator. None ever compromised less with the Arabs; none was ever more respected by them. If we have regard, therefore, either to the quality of the achievement in "Arabia Deserta" or to the evident character of the man who wrote it, we are not surprised that ten years went to its composition. It is, as it were, hewn painfully out of the rock or hammered out of stubborn iron; never, even when Mr. Doughty handles his language with the most assured mastery, does an all but imperceptible sense of strain depart from it, and the ensuing tension is essential to the story he has to tell, the emotion he has to convey. An effort is demanded of the reader which corresponds (in another kingdom) to the effort demanded of Mr. Doughty; an effort richly rewarded, as was his own. No slovenly attention will suffice to receive the message of this marvellous description of a summer day in the Arabian desert:

Now longwhile our black booths had been built upon the sandy stretches, lying before the swelling white Nefud side: the lofty coast of Iran in front, whose cragged breaches, where is any footing for small herbs nourished of this barren atmosphere, are the harbour of wild goats, which never drink. The summer's night at end, the sun stands up as a crown of hostile flames from that huge covert of inhospitable sandstone bergs; the desert day dawns not little and little, but it is noontide in an hour. The sun, entering as a tyrant upon the waste landscape, darts upon us a torment of fiery beams, not to be remitted till the far-off evening.—No matins here of birds; not a rock partridge-cock, calling with blithsome chuckle over the extreme waterless desolation. Grave is that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; the ears tingle with a flickering shrillness, a subtle crepitation it seems, in the glassiness of this sun-stricken nature: the hot sand-blink is in the eyes, and there is little refreshment to find in the tent's shelter; the worsted

booths leak to this fiery rain of sunny light. Mountains looming like dry bones through the thin air, stand far around about us: the savage flank of Ybba Moghair, the high spire and ruinous stacks of el-Jebal, Chebad, the coast of Helwan! Herds of weak nomad camels waver dispersedly, seeking pasture in the midst of this hollow, fainting country, where but lately the swarming locusts have fretted every green thing. This silent air burning about us, we endure breathless till the ass: when the dazing Arabs in the tents revive after their heavy hours. The lingering day draws down to the sun-setting; the herdsman, weary of the sun, come again with the cattle, to taste in their menzils the first sweetness of mirth and repose.—The day is done, and there rises the nightly freshness of the purest mountain air: and then to the cheerful song and the cup at the common fire. The moon rises ruddy from that solemn obscurity of jebel like a mighty beacon:—and the morrow will be as this day, days deadly drowned in the sun of the summer wilderness.

This is the achievement of a pure and deliberate art; very little prose of this assured magnificence has been written in our day; and certainly no other book has been maintained on such a level for centuries. "Arabia Deserta" is incomparable.

If we are required to furnish a phrase to describe its unique quality, we should say that it was distinguished above all by a hard ascetic purity. We are conscious from the opening sentence that we are taken apart into a world of thought and living remote from our own, a world where man has shed many of the encumbrances that muffle his contact with elemental things, and many of the subtleties which seem to us inseparable from a humane life—a world part parable, part fairy tale; simpler yet sterner, more beautiful yet more oppressive than our own; austere intoxicating. The first draught is overpowering.

A new voice hailed me of an old friend when, first returned from the Peninsula, I paced along that long street of Damascus which is called Straight; and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand, "Tell me (said he), since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, toward the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?"

From this, the first sentence of the book, we are lost, as though lifted on a magic carpet out of time, to wander in an ecstasy of desolation through regions which have not changed since the world began, to consort with Abraham and the sons of Abraham as they were, but for their coffee and their guns, infinite ages ago. No wonder then that even to the traveller himself, as the pangs of hunger lightened the ballast of his brain, the life became as a timeless dream.

Hither lies no way from the city of the world, a thousand years pass as one daylight; we are in the world and not in the world, where Nature brought forth man, an enigma to himself, and an evil spirit sowed in him the seeds of dissolution. And looking then upon that infinite spectacle, this life of the wasted flesh seemed to me ebbing, and the spirit to waver her eyas wings unto that divine obscurity.

Yet this is a dream where things become not soft and vaporous but of an awful solidity: the vast volcanic table-lands of basalt rock, jutting through the kinder sand, are not more gaunt than the fanatic hatred of the Moslem for the Nasrany that looms always behind even the most ceremonious hospitality of the tents. It would have been less than human if the wanderer's spirit had never come near to failing, and he had never asked in despair: "Wherefore should I macerate my life continually in the greatest jeopardy? Or suffer this distress of soul, to kick against the fanaticism of the whole Ishmaelite country?"

Behind, incessantly lifting and maintaining the book, is the man. The singular unity of the artist and the man makes it impossible for us to regard the book for long merely as one of the finest examples of English artificial prose. It is that indeed, and we have to keep this aspect before our eyes in order rightly to appreciate his solitary and so long neglected achievement. But the garment of his style fits the man so closely that unless we diligently

remember the ten years' labour we may lapse back into thinking that the writing was natural in the common sense of the word. Because we can see that only Mr. Doughty could have forged and manipulated this language, we may persuade ourselves that the work was easy, though in fact nothing is harder in literature than to impress upon our minds the sense of a strong and coherent personality.

Nevertheless, though "Arabia Deserta" must in the last resort be judged as a work of deliberate art, and though it will stand for many years on the rock of this rare excellence, there is a danger of neglecting its simpler virtues as a story of adventure. It is not possible to regard the thrilling sequence of ever more desperate encounters at Hayil, at Kheybar, at Aneyza, and the final jeopardy outside Mecca when even the hidden pistol, Doughty's last resource, was torn away, and the sudden drop into the final calm of the Sheriff's kindly reception at Tayif, as ordered by a sense of artistic culmination. Mr. Doughty, we feel, sticks close to the facts. But the collaboration of events toward the single effect is almost bewildering. We are borne irresistibly along to the utmost limits of one man's endurance. The traveller, we feel as we follow him on the last journey from Aneyza to the confines of Mecca, must be saved or he will die, if not by the sword of the ruffian Salem, from the sheer weakness of a broken man. It has been too much; we are oppressed and weary with the horror of the unequal struggle.

To read "Arabia Deserta" is to live out a whole life in the Arabian waste, and to reach the end fordone. The interludes of peace in the nomad tents and of bountiful beauty in the oases were too few to give the traveller back his strength; at each stage some vital force had ebbed that could not be restored. But the beauty of these resting-places appears to us in the barren meagreness about as a celestial enchantment.

Oh, what bliss to the thirsty soul is in that light sweet water, welling soft and warm as milk, from the rock! And I heard the subtle harmony of Nature, which the profane cannot hear, in that happy stillness and solitude. Small bright dragon-flies, azure, dun and vermillion, sported over the cistern water ruffled by a morning breath from the figgera, and hemmed in the solemn lava-rock. The silver fishes glance beneath, and white shells lie at the bottom of this water world. I have watched there the young of the toad shining like scaly glass and speckled: this fairest of saurians lay sunning, at the brink, upon a stone; and oftentimes moving upon them and shooting out the tongue, he snatched his prey of flies without ever missing.—Glad were we when Jummar had filled our girby of this sweet water.

With a like more than human sweetness appears amid the fierce fanaticism the kindness of the few who succoured him, the Arab women in the tents, El-Kenneyny at Aneyza, Amm Mohammed at Kheybar, from whom this was the leavetaking:

"Now God be with thee, my father Mohammed, and requite thee."—"God speed thee, Khalil," and he took my hand. Amm Mohammed went back to his own, we passed further; and the world, and death, and the inhumanity of religions parted us for ever.

The kindly men and women and the few hours of rest shine out like jewels from this narrative, which, we know even without Colonel Lawrence's authoritative word to confirm, holds within it all the sights and sounds, the spirit and the people of Arabia, "smelling of *samm* and camels." And something, at least, of their power to outlast centuries has entered into it; for it is a book built solidly, and not as books are built to-day. Therefore it has been slow in coming to its own. It is now more than thirty years since the first edition was published; and this is only the second. In 1888 Mr. Doughty wrote in his preface: "We set but a name upon the ship that our hands have built (with incessant labour) in a decennium, in what day she is launched forth to the great waters." Since that time many ships have been launched and have foundered; Mr. Doughty's sails slowly on to a certain harbour among the classics of the English language.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

CHARLES LAMB

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES. By Charles Lamb. Edited by Ernest A. Gardner, Litt.D. (Cambridge University Press. 4s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. By Charles Lamb. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson. (Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.)

THESE two works are an interesting addition to the Pitt Press Series, for which Mr. Thompson has already edited "The Essays of Elia" and "The Last Essays of Elia." "The Adventures of Ulysses" was originally intended for young people, although Lamb told Bernard Barton that it was for "children or men." It is certain that this delightful story of the wandering of Ulysses after the fall of Troy can be read with as much pleasure by grown-ups as by youngsters. On its first publication in 1808 it had nothing like the popularity of the "Tales from Shakespeare" or "Mrs. Leicester's School," in both of which Mary's share was much the larger. It did not go into a second edition until 1819, and was not afterwards republished in Lamb's lifetime.

The story is founded on Chapman's translation of the Odyssey, the same version which was the inspiration of Keats's famous sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." There are several references to Chapman in Lamb's letters to his friends, but we have to turn to his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" to find his glowing account of one of his favourite writers:

He would have made a great epic poet, if indeed he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses rewritten. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the glory of his heroes can only be paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry, with which Milton, as if personating one of the zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Samson against the uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's translations being read is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural, and the most violent and crude expressions. He seems to grasp at whatever words come first to hand, while the enthusiasm is upon him, as if all other must be inadequate to the divine meaning. But passion (the all in all in poetry) is everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes the readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words, or in spite of them, be disgusted and overcome their disgust.

Some portion of the emotions roused in him on reading Chapman has warmed and invigorated Lamb's style in his prose version. It is a little work which ought to be better known than is perhaps the case at present, and it is to be hoped that Dr. Gardner's edition will help to popularize it. The editor has done his part satisfactorily. There are a sufficiency of notes, and several interesting illustrations, including a map giving the course of the supposed route taken by the wanderer.

One or two of the notes call for comment. Lamb relates that the herb moly which Mercury gave Ulysses to protect him against Circe's enchantment was "medicinal against charms, blights, mildews and damps," and the editor states that the "efficacy of moly against these appears to be an addition of Lamb's." It certainly is Lamb's addition, but he borrowed it from Milton's "Comus," a source which the editor has overlooked. Again, in speaking of the song of the Sirens, the effect of whose notes "great Circe had so truly predicted," Lamb writes: "And well she might speak of them, for often she had joined her own enchanting voice to theirs, while she sat in the flowery meads, mingled with the Sirens and the Water-Nymphs gathering their potent herbs and drugs," on which we read in the notes, "All this about Circe singing with the Sirens and Water-Nymphs appears to be Lamb's invention." But here also Lamb is indebted to Milton. Comus says of his mother:

... I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium.

Very little space is left in which to do justice to Mr. Thompson's edition of a selection of Lamb's "Miscellaneous Essays," but it may be briefly said that such brilliant and altogether delightful essays as those on Hogarth and Shakespeare would grace any collection. Those of a humorous kind are characteristic of Lamb, but have not that inimitable blend of humour and pathos which makes "The Essays of Elia" a joy for ever. In some of these earlier light pieces we may picture Lamb writing them with a twinkle in his eye, perhaps even with his tongue in his cheek; in those essays of the wizard Elia we feel that ever and anon his eyes were blurred with tears.

The editor's introduction is charmingly and sympathetically written. There are still a few of Lamb's allusions which remain untraced to their source. Of one of these Mr. Thompson makes a suggestion which is not a very happy one. In his "On the Custom of hissing at the Theatres," Lamb quotes the following line: "The common damn'd shun his society," and Mr. Thompson is of opinion that "possibly it was invented by Lamb from a reminiscence of 'King Lear,' V. iii. 210:

a man
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society."

The case will not admit such a "wide solution." Lamb took his line from Blair's "The Grave." The poet states that in hell those who have committed suicide are herded together apart from their fellows, and that "the common damn'd shun their society," the unconscious humour of which would appeal to Lamb and, doubtless, "incite a chuckle."

S. B.

EPEA PTEROENTA

A MISCELLANY OF THE WITS: SELECT PIECES BY WILLIAM KING, JOHN ARBUTHNOT AND OTHERS. (Philip Allan. 15s. net.)

MR. K. N. COLVILE writes a judicious and informing introduction to this volume, but his title leads one sadly astray. The "and others" consist of two pieces, printed in small type and occupying just four pages in a total of nearly three hundred. The rest of the book reprints "The History of John Bull" and King's burlesque, "A Journey to London," and "Dialogues of the Dead," so that "miscellany" hardly seems an appropriate term. Nor is its juxtaposition of King and Arbuthnot very fortunate—for King, whose scale is badly tipped up, unless we weigh in his copper against Arbuthnot's gold.

The "Dialogues of the Dead" is one of the offensives in the Boyle-Bentley Battle of the Books, and represents various classical and modern characters ridiculing the heavy-weight Bentley for the exhibition he made of himself over the authorship of the epistles of Phalaris, which were edited by Boyle. Mr. Colvile tells the whole story with great spirit, but it is rather disconcerting to find ourselves enjoying the commentary more than the text. The latter has flashes, but the most part of its sallies are not made with light horse, while we are not often allowed to forget the essential literary difference between a quarrel and a satire. Neither was it sensitive judgment in a "wit" to bring Lucian's Dialogues from the shades to stand beside his own. We are apt to take the shadow for the substance, and the substance for the shadow. Possibly the very vulnerability of Bentley, the Froude of scholarship, clogs the agility of King's witticisms.

"A Journey to London" was modelled on Samuel Sorbière's narrative of a journey to England, which Voltaire spoke of as "a dull scurrilous satire upon a nation he knew nothing of." The material for exposing the pretensions and trivialities of copy-collecting travellers was more amenable than that providing the basting of Bentley, and "A Journey to London" makes better reading than "Dialogues of the Dead," though too discursive and slight.

"The History of John Bull" is a different story altogether—so much so that we think Mr. Colville would have been much better advised to devote this volume entirely to it with a greater wealth of annotation. No masterpiece in English literature so needs the labour of editorial love, and it is, we repeat, unfair to William King to set his pair of skiffs alongside this man-o'-war. Mr. Colville describes the productions of the Queen Anne period as *coterie* literature; and in face of the fact that the Scriblerus Club not only produced "John Bull," but probably "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Beggar's Opera" as well, one wonders how much longer such traditional literalism can be maintained. It is a mistake to regard the great Augustan figures as members of literary circles alone. Addison's achievement was to adapt the essay to occasional journalism; many of the others were not only politicians, as Mr. Colville himself points out, but journalists too. The Queen Anne period was the most scrupulously enlightened in the history of taste. Prejudiced and limited it was; it wanted a polite, social and domesticated literature, and its faults are too obvious for comment. But as a representative culture and a self-conscious community the Augustan Age has only one literary compeer in the history of civilization—the Age of Pericles. We may apply the word *coterie* to the University wit-combats in which the London wits trailed their pikes, but "The History of John Bull" reflects a whole society, not a group. It shows as masterly an intellectual grasp of the complicated politics (its concern, of course, is with the Act of Toleration, with Scotland in the minor issue, and with the whole European stage in the Succession War to the last act of the Treaty of Utrecht and the Tory part in it in the larger) as do "Gulliver's Travels" of the baser human forces underlying politics. It is doubtful whether this extraordinarily acute, vivid and revealing dramatization of a conflict in which, as in others of their kind, the ordinary human writs, unmasking one man to another, do not run, is read at all nowadays. The brilliant and amiable Arbuthnot has survived as an annexe to a happy title, but if the nations, parties and personages of the recent war were visualized and reduced to the circle of country farmers, lawyers and merchants, jockeyed out of their high generalized powers as successfully as Arbuthnot diminished the corresponding ones of his age, the book would be the literary event of the twentieth century. And local and particular as "The History of John Bull" necessarily is, it has enough of the eternal element of greatness to be read to-day with absorption and to make us properly appreciate the debt we owe to Mr. Colville. H. J. M.

KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE AND WIGTOWNSHIRE. By William Learmouth.—CAITHNESS AND SUTHERLAND. By H. F. Campbell. (Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d. net each.)—The County Handbooks treating of the South-Western and Northern divisions of Scotland are arranged in parallel chapters in such strictly logical sequence and minuteness of detail as seems characteristic of our northern neighbours and appropriate to their stern and rugged land. The uniformity of plan does not allow of any great freedom of treatment, but the books give their information accurately and solidly. The illustrations are extremely good and lavish.

DORSET BIOGRAPHIES

WESSEX WORTHIES. By J. J. Foster. With an Introductory Note by Thomas Hardy. (Dickinsons, 37, Bedford St., W.C. 42s. net; Edition de Luxe, 105s.)

WAS Swift an Irishman? We have waited for an answer for several years. We imagined that we had found it in Thackeray: "No more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo," and then, "Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English"; but on appealing to an Irish friend we learn that this is the very reverse of the truth. Taught by Tennyson to shun the falsehood of extremes, we are convinced that Swift was only at home in the Irish Channel.

To Mr. Foster, faced with the same type of enigma in the compilation of his sumptuous book, such a solution would have been troublesome, not on the score of unfairness—could anything be more transparent?—but because of the paucity of worthies who have been born and who have spent their lives in one county. There was no difficulty in claiming William Barnes, or General Pitt Rivers; and yet old Fuller had no other qualification than a sojourner's acquaintance, and if Fuller were accepted as an adopted Wessex worthy, then why not Wordsworth or Constable? Fortunately, the author's plan was large enough to admit of some reference to those whose worthiness might be contested on a residence too brief or a migration in youth.

Since it is a book admirably suited for reading at hazard, we shall do no harm to single out some typical worthies. First on the scroll must be the two skeletons depicted on the second plate. It is true that their names and their period are not on record, but, from the circumstance of gold ornaments having been found interred with them, their claim to the rank of worthies is generally conceded. Many centuries after their burial in Clandown barrow, the next worthy (to our way of thinking) was Henry Page of Poole. Page, known to the French as Arri Pay, pursued the calling of buccaneer. At length his nautical kleptomania reached such a pitch that the Kings of France and Spain landed an expeditionary force at Poole to check the practice. It is recorded that in the ensuing battle his brother was killed and his followers beaten; but of his own subsequent career, apparently, nothing is known. Presumably he retired and became a respected bulwark of the early fifteenth century. Doubtless the chroniclers have good reason for their silence.

Leaving Page behind, we pass among quieter heroes—men like Turberville the poet (if indeed his contemporaries were right), and John Case the physician (again a qualification is necessary), who made a fortune and succeeded Lilly as chamberlain of the occult. The comfortable eighteenth century is reached at last, when Dorset sees her poets universally admired: Thomas Creech the spirited translator, Mat Prior himself, Christopher Pitt, now sunk in obscurity, and William Crowe, author of Wordsworth's admired "Lewesdon Hill." Under the same placid era the Rev. John Hutchins is compiling his prodigious history of his county, and the Rev. James Granger is plying his equally prodigious scissors and paste-brush. And though not actually a Wessex worthy, George III. in his butcher-blue tail-coat and his highlows is steering a middle course among the gallant and gay on the Esplanade at Weymouth, turning a doleful, perplexed eye on the sycophants in uniform; the moment has not escaped Gillray.

And lastly comes the age of William Barnes, "vull a man" and poet too. The account that Mr. Foster gives of him is sympathetic and enlightening, and has the benefit of personal reminiscence; while the photograph of a statuette which the public has not had an opportunity of seeing is magnificent. E. B.

THE SNOW QUEEN

MEMOIRS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE. By Comte Fleury. 2 vols. (Appleton. 25s. net.)

SOUVENIRS SUR L'IMPÉRATRICE EUGÉNIE. Par Augustin Filon. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE. By Augustin Filon. (Cassell. 21s. net.)

THE TRUE STORY OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE. By the Count de Soissons. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

LIVES and memoirs of the Empress Eugénie have come thickly one upon another in the few months that have elapsed since her death. Besides the books named at the head of this article we have had in England (not to touch on French periodical literature) the reminiscences of a companion, contributed by Miss Vesey to *The Times*, and the Abbot of Farnborough's shrewd and valuable little study in the *Dublin Review* of last October. As for the larger works, they are of unequal quality. Comte Fleury's two volumes are a pell-mell of documents, some important and some trivial, which read as though he had carried to the printer the drawers containing his papers and disclaimed all further responsibility. "The True Story of the Empress Eugénie" has the odour of one of the disagreeable opposition pamphlets that used to circulate discreetly in the declining years of the Empire; in spite of its fine illustrations, it is not a publication that should bear the sign of the Bodley Head. The superiority of M. Filon's book (more marked in the humble French edition than in the costly English version) is enhanced by the defects of its rivals. It stands by itself as the work not only of a first-hand authority, but of an artist and a psychologist. The spirit of the courtier is felt in certain passages, but no more than ordinary loyalty demanded.

The education of Eugénie de Montijo was not soft or sentimental. She came of a titled Spanish family accustomed to play for heavy stakes with Fortune. Her uncle, the Count de Montijo, had tried a *coup d'état* against Ferdinand VII. and his minister Godoy; her father, the Count de Téba (who afterwards took the elder brother's title), joined the French army under Napoleon I., supported the claim of Joseph Bonaparte to the Spanish crown, and, as colonel of artillery, fired the last shots against the Allies from Montmartre in 1814. This record cost him dear when the Bourbons returned. On his death in 1839, his two daughters, Francesca and Eugénie, were left to the care of his wife Maria-Manuela, whose father had been a Malaga wine-merchant of Scottish descent named Kirkpatrick. The Countess de Montijo was a born intriguer and matchmaker; shrewd, resolute and practical, she was ever on the wing, now in Paris and now in Madrid, with a finger in all the political pies of her time, and a set will to make golden marriages for her girls. Stendhal and Mérimée, close friends of the Countess and admirers of her children, were hardly tutors for bread-and-butter misses. The influence of Henri Beyle could only intensify in the young Eugénie her audacity, her romanticism and her faith in the Napoleonic legend. Round her childhood and adolescence hang characteristic tales. We read of a little girl, forbidden as a punishment for naughtiness to go out on horseback, defiantly riding the banisters of the house, and picked up stunned from a fall; of a beauty of sixteen arriving at the bull-ring on a fiery Andalusian horse, dressed in national costume with a dagger in her girdle. She had come to the age of amorous follies, but she allowed the men to commit them. M. Lavissee in his Preface to M. Filon's book quotes an utterance of deep self-revelation from her later years: "Les cerfs savent ce que c'est l'amour; peut-être les hommes primitifs le savaient aussi . . . ; mais les hommes d'aujourd'hui . . . !"

With such family traditions and such a mother as hers,

with her memories of early indigence and proscription, with her beauty and ambition and daring, what could she be but an adventuress? The word, unlike its brother-term "adventurer," has acquired a suggestion of baseness which is no part of its proper meaning. Neither Eugénie de Montijo nor her mother was in that vulgar sense an adventuress. To the daughter in especial, her honour as a noble lady was sacred; it was a treasure from which neither threats nor temptations should induce her to part. But by every straightforward means Eugénie de Montijo was bent on making her fortune; it was a *médier* forced on her by circumstance, and behind the fine, cold profile, with the almond-shaped blue eyes set just a trifle close together, lay a judgment and resolution of steely strength. No doubt when the time came for her to make her throw the fates were on her side. The passionate idealist whose glum and tufted mask of impassibility, helped by the name of Napoleon, awed all Europe for twenty years, was the easiest prize a woman could have to play for. Eugénie could but have made one false step, and her blood was ever too cool for such a slip. "Quel est, Mademoiselle, le chemin qu'il faut prendre pour arriver jusqu'à vous?" "Sire, c'est le chemin de la chapelle." That balcony-scene at Fontainebleau may be an invention, but it tells the whole truth about the wooing. Deftly stage-managed by her mother, Eugénie had but to display her graces—in the ballroom, in the saddle, in long promenades in the gardens of the château—and to keep her Emperor at arm's length. When things hung fire at the last moment, she took daring advantage of a court lady's rudeness. "Il y a, Sire, qu'on m'a insultée ce soir, et qu'on ne m'insultera pas une seconde fois." The next day she had the offer of the crown.

As Empress she showed from the first a certain nobility of character. It was a narrow and cold grandeur, but it was deeper than a pose. When Princess Metternich excused herself for the follies which she urged on the Court of the Tuileries in the words, "Ma souveraine est une impératrice, tandis que la vôtre—" she said what was singularly untrue. Eugénie had the soul of an Empress, though her conception of the rôle, drawn, one cannot help imagining, from Spanish romances of chivalry, was unsubstantial. Ruder and simpler circumstances might have forged her into a heroic warrior-princess; in the great *opéra bouffe* of the Second Empire she lacked the subtlety to take her bearings. The charming incongruity of the flounced crinoline with the Imperial crown and mantle in Winterhalter's portrait seems to embarrass her; she would look better draped in the severity of a peplum. M. Filon gives a list of the authors into whom she liked to dip (for she was not a reader), and the names are instructive. They are Bossuet, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, de Maistre, Victor Cousin and Donoso Cortes—the champions of romanticism and authority. She loved the heroics of French tragedy as well, and all her life treasured the memory of the great Rachel; once in old age she astonished her ladies by breaking into a long recitation from "Phèdre." To the Prince Imperial she was a Roman mother, and, with the touch of practicality never absent from a Latin woman, she was anxious that he should understand for himself the condition of the lower classes he would be called upon to govern. "Il croit, probablement, que les pauvres sont des gens qui n'ont pas de voiture." Her own works of charity were extensive and methodical. They were the product neither of sentimental compassion nor of conventional royal bounty; but she went about them, disguised in blue spectacles and a shabby bonnet, with a cool and positive desire to be of use. It was one of the most admirable traits of her nature.

How wide was the gulf between this woman of naïve and antique simplicity and her husband! We picture

such a scene as M. Filon describes for us in the salon of the Tuileries after the formalities of the sovereigns' dinner—a trifle clumsy, a trifle overdone, like all the ceremonial of the Empire. The Empress chooses her corner and her confidant, and talks endlessly; her voice is louder, her manner more emphatic, her opinions more vehement than those of a sovereign brought up to reign would be. At a table by himself the Emperor sits, working out one difficult "patience" after another, and sometimes, says M. Filon, cheating himself. (You remember "Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau" and his restless drawing of connecting lines between the blots on his pad.) Yet it is the seeming-frivolous woman who has the clean-cut and logical ideas of an absolute sovereign, and the dreaded "mystery man" of Europe who is dreaming some Socialist or democratic Utopia—the extinction of pauperism, or the resuscitation of Poland. M. Filon was once bold enough, he tells us, to ask the Empress why her husband had so often been faithless to her. When she had recovered from her natural pique, she replied that she supposed he found a "sameness" about her. Surely, what frustrated his ardent temperament was not the "sameness" but the ice. Eugénie had a hobby—she was too self-possessed for "craze" to be a fitting word—for making Marie Antoinette her model and patroness. Yet never was there a woman more unlike the tender, impulsive Austrian. Even her virtue was of a different *nuance*. We remember the terrible "Sortez, Monsieur!" with which Marie Antoinette blasted the presumptuous de Lauzun. When a gentleman of Eugénie's household fell on his knees before her while escorting her along a corridor with a flambeau, she merely smiled, M. Filon says, and forgave him. Another time, having scented a worshipper from afar in one of M. Filon's own friends, she pestered her son's tutor with questions until he had in desperation to invent romantic details to fill out the story. Here is a Diana who ranges her trophies with a remarkably calm satisfaction!

There has been a rather absurd tendency to judge Eugénie for her share in promoting the war of 1870, as though she possessed the lights of a modern political philosopher. Military glory was too integral a part of her ideal of royalty for her to do anything but applaud the thought of a struggle—especially as it was not like the war of Italy, a war for what she thought a chimera, but a war for national and dynastic ends. She was well cast by destiny for the rôle of Dulcinea to the last of the spectacular armies of Europe—the Army of the Second Empire, with its gold-laced drum-majors, its sappers in aprons and bearskins, its grenadiers, and red-skirted *vivandières*; its Cent Gardes resplendent in sky-blue and silver, its hussars, cuirassiers, dragoons and lancers, as brilliant as summer flower-beds on a parade ground. These splendours hid the reverse side of the picture—the officers without maps, the artillery without range, the glazed eyes of pain of the sick man in command.

M. Filon tells the story of the Empress's regency during the last weeks of the régime with a fine artistic restraint. He shows us the perplexed and restless woman eager to rise to the demands of the crisis, but ignorant of all the arts of statesmanship. She makes rash decisions, yields to bad advisers, but all with a certain pathetic uprightness. Already as the stunning news of reverse on reverse flashes along the lines from the Rhine frontier, the Empire is dissolving like the pageant of a dream; in the deserted vastness of the Tuileries it is doubtful if the Empress has still a Court at all. Filon relates how he had to go himself through the maze of underground passages to the kitchens to find her a bowl of soup. Like some distorted figure from a nightmare, too, is the grotesque and sinister silhouette of Trochu, the newly appointed popular Governor of Paris. After hearing one of his proclamations urging the

National Guard to preserve, "dans les convulsions suprêmes de l'agonie, cette tragique fierté d'attitude qui convient à des hommes, à des citoyens, à des soldats," "Mon Dieu, général," replied the positive Spaniard, "on meurt comme on peut." As the critical hour drew near Trochu discreetly vanished, sending a message from his quarters to the Tuileries that in the event of an attack on the palace he would gladly put at the disposition of the Empress "un officier de mobiles en uniforme." But Eugénie had already appreciated her position and resigned herself to it. Trochu himself admitted "C'est une Romaine." Once only did she give way to an outbreak of fury: it was when the thunderstroke of Sédan fell on her. She saw herself as a Princess whose champion is not only overthrown but dishonoured in the lists. Filon and another were the recipients of her wrath. "Ce qu'elle dit alors, Conti ne l'a redit à personne, et je mourrai, comme lui, sans l'avoir répété."

It was September 3. The next day the end came swiftly, almost without drama. In the late afternoon, as the first waves of the mob broke against the railings of the Tuileries, the Empress, accompanied by Metternich and Nigra, the Austrian and Italian ambassadors, left her apartments by a dark corridor in which lamps were kept burning night and day, and made her way into the picture gallery of the Louvre. The party waited a few moments, to send back a messenger to the Tuileries, under Géricault's canvas, the shipwreck of the "Méduse," and at that moment one of the guardians of the gallery recognized the Empress. He merely uncovered, however, and led the way. The fugitives emerged on the Place Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois just at the moment when rivulets of crowd were beginning to swirl into it. A cab was hailed from a stand on the square, and the Empress got in with Madame Lebreton. As she did so she was recognized by a youth who tried to give the alarm and bring the mob to the spot. But Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, by a bold movement, seized him in his arms, and held him till the cab had disappeared. Tragedy, except on the battlefield, shunned the Second Empire.

The after-incidents of the flight are well known—the visit to the American dentist Evans, the escape from Paris in a carriage, and the stormy crossing to England in Sir John Burgoyne's yacht. One detail of Eugénie's behaviour is characteristic. She would not consent to change her appearance by omitting from her toilette the black crayon line she was used to draw along her lower eyelids. She dreaded the ridicule of being taken in disguise. Almost before the shores of France were left she seems to have begun to show a certain indifference, as of an adventuress who leaves the gaming-table. Again we must not use the word "adventuress" without a caution. So long as she thought she could by influence or mediation be of use to France she performed her duty in the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, nor would she hear of plans for restoring the dynasty at the cost of national unity in repelling the invader. But, if Filon's account is to be trusted, she settled down with a wonderfully quick resignation to her English exile. The stubborn hopes of her husband and the passionate cries of his deathbed, "Louis! . . . Sédan!" found no echo in her heart. The scene on which to take leave of her is Filon's picture of the salon at Camden Place before dinner-time:

Lorsqu'on s'était oublié à causer, l'Impératrice, soudainement rappelée au sentiment de l'heure qui passait par la sonnerie lente et sévère de la vieille horloge, demandait, "Ah! mon Dieu, qui dit le grand-père?" Et elle s'enfuyait à la hâte pour s'habiller.

She could dress contentedly to suit all occasions, and one cannot imagine her shedding tears of sentiment on a mantle of velvet worked with golden bees.

D. L. M.

THE POWER OF COMMONPLACE

A ROMANTIC MAN; AND OTHER TALES. By Hervey Fisher. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE most irritating fault of all but the best writers of stories is that they allow commonplace to do service for personal observation and imagination. A whole book might be written, and sold in large quantities by commercial correspondence schools, about the commonplaces of novelists. Many novelists shamelessly revel in commonplace: they find that it pays and see no reason to forsake it for a less lucrative originality. But others, who have consciences and mean to be original, often disappoint their readers by lapsing again and again. Like careless people walking on a slippery path beside a stream, they are continually slipping into the waters of commonplace in spite of their intentions. Mr. Hervey Fisher is one of those who cannot keep their balance. Even his language betrays him; for instance:

Suddenly from rich pasture and woodland we passed to wide stretches of marsh and reedy streams—the haunt, I guessed, of innumerable wildfowl.

The last seven words are absolute commonplace. They almost say themselves to anyone passing a sedgy stream or lake. Kipps's mentor, Mr. Chester Coote, would certainly have thought of them and have found them satisfying and appropriate whenever he passed a duckpond; just as he would have described a restaurant to himself in just these words of Mr. Hervey Fisher:

The café was rather crowded, and the waiters, noiseless and alert, were busy in ministering to the needs of their clients.

The detail in itself is quite unnecessary to the particular story in which it occurs, and it is nothing less than sheer slovenliness to let the subconscious memory—the repository of all commonplace—run away so sadly with the pen.

These instances are of no great importance, but they are characteristic of a want of ruthlessness with himself which spoils many of Mr. Fisher's effects. Now and then he succeeds pretty well, as in the story called "Milly," which tells how a country girl, who is "walking out" with an ascetic young Baptist minister, succumbs by chance one afternoon to the amorous assault of a dashing young pedlar. Her slightly pallid and contrite appearance after the event impresses the minister as ethereal and divine, and gives just that ease to his ascetic conscience which enables him to overcome his scruples and definitely claim her as his bride. Mr. Fisher carries it off neatly and quickly, and he shows the same quality in "Broken Lights," a rather sordid tale; but often he is clumsy. The writing of a short story is rather like an egg-and-spoon race: you get your egg—your idea—and proceed to run with it balanced in your spoon as quickly as you can to the winning-post. If you drop your egg you may break it, and anyhow you waste time picking it up again in the spoon. Mr. Fisher is apt to get somewhere near the post without a spill, and then off wobbles the egg, and he goes awkwardly fumbling for it long after the spectator's patience is exhausted, or else its fall is as flat as Humpty Dumpty's. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men could remedy by their exertions the collapse of the egg in "The Battle of the Blondes." Here Mr. Fisher starts off with admirable spirit to enliven us with the feud between the military-looking Mrs. Rayford and the fluffy little Mrs. Chilton, who lived in the same street. He works it up to the point when Mrs. Chilton's husband bursts in upon the Rayford household and threatens to smash Mr. Rayford if Mrs. Rayford bullies his kids, and then, plop! goes the egg, and Mr. Fisher rather sheepishly carries in a perfectly empty spoon. Again, the story called "Safety" is fresh in idea.

A clergyman who has always played for safety in the safest and most rural of villages is suddenly murdered by the wayside at the height of a summer afternoon. Mr. Fisher scrambles home this time with his egg, but he has wasted so much time at the beginning, chasing it, that much of the interest is discounted.

Another form of commonplace by which Mr. Fisher lets down his artistic conscience is exaggeration, especially in the pushing of an idea to a fantastic rather than inevitable conclusion. The effect upon a serious and virtuous man of having exclaimed "Hullo, darling!" to a pretty maid in an area of his own street is too far strained beyond the probable to be moving, and so is the story of the alienist who suddenly becomes obsessed with sexual adventure. "The Scholar's Experiment," too, which has in it the germ of a tragedy, is unfortunately turned into an extravaganza which has no merit at all.

Mr. Fisher has perceptions and excellent intentions: if he would only intensify the one and harden the other, he might give us some first-class stories. Even his effects of horror are weak. He hardly seems to realize how terrible is the climax of "A New Forest Family," in which a younger son is done to death by his elder brother. It is as ghastly a theme as any of Mr. Thomas Burke's, but Mr. Burke can sometimes make your flesh creep in a single page, whereas in twenty Mr. Fisher only rouses a faint pathological interest. And as for his effects of intimate emotion—such an emotion as that of a boy admitted all at once to the secret woodland haunt of elder sisters—just a little firmer grip would make such a difference. Real emotions may not be sharply defined, but they are never vaguely diffuse: the thing is to get at the glowing heart of the nebula.

O. W.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

CHARLES CHAPIN'S STORY. Written in Sing-Sing Prison. With an Introduction by Basil King. (Putnam. 12s. 6d. net.)—This human document becomes interesting only near its close; and its interest is that not of a vivid personality, but of a tragic experience. Mr. Chapin was a typical successful man. Starting life in poor circumstances, he became city editor of the *Chicago Times* at the age of twenty-five, and he continued to rise in position, if not in fame, until at the age of sixty he was entangled in the unfortunate concatenation of circumstances which led to the murder of his wife. He had speculated rashly before the beginning of the war, and the temporary collapse of the credit system left him not merely a pauper, but deeply involved in debt. It is at this point that his narrative becomes genuinely significant; the blunt, awkward journalistic style which makes his earlier experiences nearly unreadable is here almost a form of self-revelatory expression. His bald description of his inward conflict, in which he tries to resist the temptation to commit suicide, is more moving than a story told with conscious art would be. Finally he decides to kill his wife while she is asleep—so that the suffering may not fall upon her—and afterwards to kill himself. But, after accomplishing the first part of his terrible enterprise, he finds to his astonishment that he cannot compass the second, not through fear, but through a desperate confusion of his faculties, a sort of spiritual helplessness. The words in which he speaks of his prison life redeem the mediocrity of the book: "The past is behind me . . . I give no thought to what may come. . . . I try to get as much as I can out of each day as I live it." These are wonderful words to be written in such circumstances, and they make us respect the author.

ULSTER FIRESIDE TALES. By William McCallin. (Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d. net.)—Certain American magazines, setting forth their requirements in annual press guides, add a warning: "No dialect stories wanted!" just as hawkers and circulars are banned by proclamation on the gates of suburban villas. It is as easy to sympathize with the first as the second. The dialect story, except in the hands of a sound craftsman, is as a rule a dreary performance. If this be the case with stories told in more or less conventional English, with nothing but the conversations in the language of Merioneth or of Ross and Cromarty, what is to be said for those told in the first person in which a formidable jargon, that requires a short glossary, is employed from start to finish? The following specimen of this method is taken from the opening paragraph of "Ulster Fireside Tales":

Paul McBroom was always a great frien' o' mine. We had known each other ever since we were wee cubs thegither, huntin' affther birds' nests, or knucklin' a pocketful of apples, or up to every mischief ye'd expect from neighbours' wains.

The eye becomes weary after twenty pages of this sort of thing, and the brain irritated. This is especially so when, as in this case, dialect is rendered by perverse eccentricities of spelling, instead of by the clever and delicate turns of phrase which such writers as E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross have made familiar to readers of Irish fiction. Handicapped by this initial disadvantage, these Ulster stories are not without merit. They are very placid, very uneventful, and very long drawn out. But they have a certain sense of character and observation. The people in them are real, and the life of farm and market-place is rendered with fidelity.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHOTHERAPY. By William Brown, M.D. (E. Arnold. 8s. 6d. net.)—The author confines himself mainly to an appreciative and lucid criticism of psycho-analysis. While accepting the method which Freud invented, he rejects his purely sexual interpretation of neuroses. In general his attitude is empirical: he uses psycho-analysis in certain circumstances, suggestion in others, and in others, again, a combination of the two. At a time when psycho-analysis is still in an experimental stage this is perhaps the most expedient thing to do. Moreover, if it be true, as M. Baudouin says, that all suggestion is auto-suggestion—in other words, that the suggestions which succeed in articulating themselves within us are creative acts of our own—then the harm which Freudians fear from suggestion is groundless. In his concluding chapter the author discusses suggestively the chief modern theories of the relation of mind to brain, and he accepts fully Bergson's conception of vital interaction. The volume is one of the best simple expositions of psycho-analysis which have yet appeared, and it is all the better in avoiding a dogmatism which at this time of day must be hasty.

PLYMOUTH. By Arthur L. Salmon. (S.P.C.K. 4s. net.)—The story of so considerable a town as Plymouth, considered in its broadest sense as the capital of Western Britain, seated astride the route which extends by the Royal Albert Bridge to the western extremity of Cornwall, and extending from Tamar to Plym, often becomes the story of England itself. Such a wealth of material is at hand that the most glorious periods of the Sea Dogs of Devon and the Armada, and of the somewhat accidental visit of the Mayflower, can receive but scanty treatment in a volume of moderate size. Many other subjects claim a place in the story of the town, and by the neglect of no essential facts, by the avoidance of controversial matter, and by observing due proportion of the importance of events, Mr. Salmon has produced a volume of interest not only to sons of Plymouth, but to Englishmen generally.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

HIGH spirits and irresponsibility have not hitherto been marked characteristics of Miss I. A. R. Wylie's writing, but in the agreeable extravaganza named "Rogues and Company" (Mills & Boon, 8s. 6d. net) she proves her capacity for both. Her hero is a young man suffering from the eminently fashionable afflictions of lost memory and mistaken identity, and uncertain whether he belongs of right to the aristocratic or the criminal class. In the former quality he finds himself provided with a (luckily charming) fiancée, in the second with a brother boasting some distinction as a professional burglar. He has not the least recollection of either, but they are alike unwavering in their recognition of him. How their rival claims are finally adjusted it would not be fair to reveal; but the climax is equally ingenious and unexpected.

The futility of indiscriminate self-sacrifice and its tendency to produce unhappiness for all the persons concerned is ably demonstrated by Miss G. I. Whitham in "The Guarded Room" (Lane, 8s. 6d. net). Mrs. Bowes is an invalid devotedly nursed by her daughter Helen, whose life is literally laid down in this service. But by her over-anxiety the mother is debarred from activities beneficial to her health, and in a measure estranged from her other children, whose interests are thus in turn injuriously affected. This situation, as seen through the eyes of a younger woman, fully alive to Helen's nobility of character, and also to her errors in judgment, forms the starting-point for a charming story, written with more than superficial skill.

In "Lantern Lane" (Cassell, 8s. 6d. net) Mr. Warwick Deeping propounds a view of Charles II.'s character unsupported, as he admits, by historical evidence. The Merry Monarch's numerous amours were, it seems, merely the veil under which he concealed his single-hearted devotion to a lady of virtues so exalted that Mr. Deeping's hero esteems it an honour to fill the office of go-between. Regretfully we imagine the robust contempt with which Scott would have regarded such an arrangement, and the martyrdom attending on this peculiar species of knight-errantry leaves us wondrous cold. We are better pleased with the plague scenes, which have some force and distinction. We also approve the realistic treatment of seventeenth-century country life under its less picturesque aspects.

"To be a Woman," by Clare Elstob (Erskine Macdonald, 7s. 6d. net), is ostensibly the biography of a Lancashire mechanic's wife, who, being turned out of doors by her brutal husband, forms an irregular but much happier union with one of his friends. The war leaves her virtually a widow, with a child on her hands; and after a succession of temporary alliances, arranged on a strictly business footing, she is helped by a philanthropic lady to a post as bus-conductress, and, despite some inducements to the contrary, maintains her respectability until the resurrection of her first lover, coupled with an opportune legacy from a platonic friend, places her beyond the reach of temptation. The story is neither very original nor very convincing, but is relieved by some lurid studies of social life in Chelsea art circles.

We fancy that for most English readers Norwegian imaginative literature falls, roughly speaking, into two classes, the romantic and the realistic, and that for samples of both they would almost automatically refer to the works of a single author. But "Into the Dark," by Barbra Ring (Gyldendal, 8s. net), has little affinity with either "Peer Gynt" or "Hedda Gabler," and might, in fact, have emanated from a well-known and popular school of Anglo-American fiction. This resemblance may be in some small measure due to the smoothness of the translation by W. Emmé, but it lies much deeper and is chiefly noticeable in the querulously egotistical character of the heroine, who, while making large demands on life, scarcely seems to realize that life in turn may make demands on her. There is the same discouraging staleness about the chronicle of her experiences. As a girl, she marries an undesirable for his money, and consoles herself with a lover, who also fails to satisfy her aspirations, but has sufficient influence to prevent her from accepting two promising matrimonial offers (she is now a divorcee). Disgusted at this impasse, she drowns herself, having first explained her reasons for doing so in 260 closely printed pages. We feel unable to give her the tribute of a tear.

LITERARY GOSSIP

Voices for January appears in a larger and distinctly more attractive format. The literary contents must be considered among the best which this journal has yet included. A series of articles by Mr. Alan Porter on "Uneducated Poets" begins with some account of John Taylor the Water Poet. We are reminded of Southey's book on the same general topic, with its most curious effect on the reader who would estimate Southey. On the one hand, Southey's introduction is vivacious and humorous, and filled with sensible criticism. On the other hand, it is followed by the hair-raising verses of "John Jones an old Servant," in great profusion.

This number of *Voices* is printed, as succeeding numbers will be, at the Golden Cockerel Press. This Press has been founded at Waltham St. Lawrence in Berkshire, with certain distinguishing principles: its members are their own craftsmen; it is, as well as a Press, a publishing house; and author and publisher will share royalties equally. No literary "Group" is represented; and the promoters announce themselves inimical to "minor verse or soul-burdened novels."

Revelations of the intimate life of the Bodleian Library are made by S. G. in the current issue of the Library's *Quarterly Journal*. Some of the mis-addresses which the daily postbag brings are magnificent: "Blodeian, Bodeia, Bodderian, Bodlei Ave., Mogleyan, Bodillean, Bodleland, Bodbian, Bookian, Bibliothèque Boddeienne, Bibliothèque Bodleiese, Rodleian Library, Sheffield, Oxford."

The difficulties of such a great library are by no means entirely confined to money matters. Even acquisitions have their disadvantages. For instance, ten years ago Sir Chandra Shum Shere presented 6,330 Sanskrit MSS., the arranging, shelfmarking and binding of which are proceeding. A similar recent acquisition, which probably occurs in the dreams of the Assistants, is the Backhouse Collection of Chinese books—a mere 25,000 of them.

And further, a past generation, working on the "tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow" theory, has left a formidable background of work to be done. A hundred thousand items or volumes, it is estimated, await classification: the war on arrears, begun in 1890, and waged with considerable success, is still in progress. It is surprising, however, that the staff, which consisted in 1914 of 68 persons, now numbers 46 only. Our civilization does not yet allow adequate support to its greatest supporters.

A large and beautifully-printed sheet displaying "the types, borders, ornaments, initial letters, flowers and decorations" of the Pelican Press—a Press which, from what we have heard, contrives to combine the apparent incompatibles, business and philanthropy—has just been published. For us, we imagine that it reaches a high level of practical typography. The excellence of the older printers, on whom the Pelican Press plainly base themselves, is once again demonstrated.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

We are grateful to those booksellers in Germany and elsewhere who send their catalogues; for instance, we cannot read Dutch, but M. Martinus Nijhoff of the Hague describes all his books in French, with which we are less unfamiliar. M. Nijhoff's 460th catalogue is of works in "Géographie, Ethnographie, Histoire locale des cinq parties du monde." Prices are in Dutch florins. Many of these are English books (Doughty's "Arabia" is not, however, among them). Purchas in Dutch ("Pelgrimage, gedeylt in twintich boecken"), 1655, is priced 75: the 1905-7 reprint of "Hakluytus Posthumus" is offered at 90. A work "Of the Conversion of Five Thousand and Nine Hundred East-Indians, in the Isle Formosa, Neere China," excessively rare, 1650, is one of the chief items of the collection. And a set of seven volumes entitled "Ypiana: Notices, Etudes, Notes et Documents," printed for private circulation at Bruges in 1878-1883, will doubtless interest many who knew

the city in its latter days. A separate volume is devoted to the Cloth Hall.

Mr. Francis Edwards' latest list is of books, engravings and drawings relating to North America. Audubon's "Birds of America" in the original elephant folio, but lacking some few of the plates, is marked at £250; and another old friend is Esquemeling's "Bucaniers of America" (1695-1685), £35. We know little of Tom Paine as poet: but could know more if we could afford the sovereign necessary to buy his "Poetical and Miscellaneous Works," 1819. In this catalogue there occur collections of original drawings by James Webber, who went as draughtsman to Captain Cook on his third and last voyage.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

A SHEAF of extracts from Donne, Drayton, Chaucer and Shakespeare, given in the *Indicator* of February 14, 1821, is a pleasant reminder that the feast of St. Valentine is again near. Donne's epithalamion begins aptly and quaintly:

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners.

The best of the articles in the *Indicator* during the first month of 1821 is a paper (reprinted from the *Examiner*) on "The Works of Charles Lamb." From the prefatory paragraph we take the following:

... He is not so much known as he is admired, ... The truth is, that Mr. Lamb in general has performed his services to the literary world so anonymously ... that common readers have not been aware of half his merits, nor great numbers of his existence. When his writings were collected by the bookseller, people of taste were asking, who this Mr. Charles Lamb was that had written so well. They were answered,—the man who set the critics right about the old English Dramatists, and whom some of them shewed at once their ingratitude and their false pretensions by abusing (*Indicator*, January 31, 1821).

The *Literary Gazette* dated February 10, 1821, contains a paper dealing with the Society of Friends. It is the first part of a notice of Adèle Du Thon's "Histoire de la secte des Amis, suivie d'une notice sur Madame Fry et la prison de Newgate," Londres, 1821. In the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany* of the previous month there is a review of Henri Benjamin Constant de Rebecque's "Mémoires sur les Cent Jours, en forme de lettres."

The following satirical lines, which refer to the candidates for the Papal throne on the occasion of the death of Innocent XIII. in 1724, are culled from the *Literary Chronicle* of February 10, 1821:

Il cielo vuol Orsini;
Il popolo vuol Corsini;
Le donne vuol Ottoboni;
Il diavolo vuol Alberoni.

There is a literary interest in the fact that the well-known printing firm, sometime of College House, Chiswick, which was founded by Charles Whittingham, senior, was continued by his nephew and namesake, and is still flourishing in Central London, was engaged just a century ago on the production of the fine "Chiswick Press" edition of "The British Poets," in a hundred volumes. This was an arduous and ambitious undertaking in those days of the hand press. Five hundred copies of the work were printed. The enterprise occupied four years (1819-22); and the 50,000 volumes were issued on the same day in 1822.

Christopher Marlowe is the subject of a somewhat notable paper, over the signature "Dangle, Jun.," in the *British Stage and Literary Cabinet* for January, 1821.

Panegyrics upon "Kenilworth," by the Author of "Waverley," appear in all the reviews of the period. The *Literary Chronicle* alludes to the book as "this Romance, from the matchless pen of the great unknown."

The "Memoirs of Granville Sharp," by Prince Hoare, and "A History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty," by Diedrich Knickerbocker (Washington Irving), are dealt with at considerable length in vol. xciv. of the *Monthly Review, or Literary Journal*.

Several numbers of the *Examiner* during January and February, 1821, contain critical notices of the pictures at the galleries of the British Institution.

Science

MORALITY AND SCIENCE

IT would seem to be difficult for a contemporary, discussing the achievements of his own time, to show a sense of proportion. Save in very exceptional cases, he will not be a mere spectator of what he describes, and a dispassionate judgment on one's own activities is more than we may reasonably expect from most human beings. And unless the observer has a personal interest in the matter he is not likely to know it with sufficient intimacy to make his judgment, in any case, of any great value. It follows from these two considerations that the best judges of past achievements in any art or science are the present practitioners of it, and that the best judges of present achievements will be the practitioners of the future. This conclusion sounds plausible and discouraging enough until we reflect that there is not, in fact, any present unanimity respecting past achievements. The conversation of half-a-dozen modern painters, chosen at random, is sufficient to make that point clear as respects one art. Literary men seem to be more docile to authority, but musicians follow the inner light as unhesitatingly as do the painters. It is only, we fancy, in the scientific pantheon that the pedestals remain comparatively undisturbed. The great men of science—those eminent enough to have their lineaments depicted in the "Petit Larousse"—smile unchanged in every edition. In this case, then, a certain unanimity of opinion is obtainable. But further, it appears that nearly every great scientific man was acknowledged to be a great man in his own time. It sometimes appears that we now think them greater than did their contemporaries, but it seldom happens that a man who has been accepted for generations as a great genius is now discovered not to have been a scientific man at all. The reason for this unusual stability of opinion seems to be simple, and, incidentally, shows that contemporary judgments of scientific work may have permanent value. The criteria whereby a scientific man's work is judged are largely objective. If a scientific man professes to have constructed a theory of the planetary motions, to have discovered a way of controlling the sex of frogs, or to have made a synthetic beefsteak, these professions may be rigorously tested. Tests of this kind cannot be applied to what purports to be a work of art, although the experimental psychologists have tried to elucidate the beauty of a Greek vase by taking kinematograph pictures of the rolling eyes of the delighted observer, and a theory has been propounded that the better a poem the more saliva flows into the mouth on reading it aloud. Many doctors' theses remain to be written, however, before these delightful researches reach convincing results.

But these objective criteria are not always allowed to have their full weight, even by men of science. The opposition to Darwin's theory, the slighter opposition to Einstein's theory, and, to take a less strictly scientific example, the present opposition to Freud's theories, are not wholly based on their failure to fulfil objective criteria. Part of the opposition to Einstein's theory was based on a feeling that the non-scientific man might find it difficult to understand. It ran counter to a scientific tradition. But in the case of Darwin and Freud the opposition is largely based on moral considerations. Various leaders of the Church, and other eminent authorities on morality, found Darwin's theory degrading. That man should have descended from the animals robbed man of his dignity, and to feel dignified was, to eminent Victorians, absolutely essential. The Freudian theories are felt to be degrading in a rather different way. Men feel ashamed not, this time, of their ancestors, but of elements within themselves.

The condemnation of this kind of opposition is not only that it is scientifically irrelevant, but that it tends to obscure what scientific objections there may be. There are scientific objections to Darwinism, of greater or less validity; but they have nothing to do with the moral aspects of the theory. And a cursory examination of the literature of psycho-analysis convinces us that a really scientific investigation would probably find a great many objections to put to its present exponents—objections which they would probably welcome as signs of a serious interest in their inquiries, as their position, as things now stand, of opposing unscientific prejudice on the one hand, and of finding support in unscientific curiosity on the other, cannot be agreeable to them. The difficulty in estimating the value of the new psychology, therefore, is largely due to contemporary, but scientifically irrelevant, considerations. The mere fact that one is a contemporary makes it difficult to escape the influence of these irrelevant attitudes. Judging from the history of more or less analogous movements, however, it is probable that the new psychology will prove to be a departure of very great scientific importance.

In reflecting over this and allied phenomena in the history of science one is struck by the illogical basis of this moral indignation. Why, for instance, should the philosophy known as "materialism," which supposes the phenomena of the universe, including "spiritual" phenomena, to be expressible in terms of matter and motion, outrage moral feelings? No facts are altered by this philosophy; we merely regard matter and motion with greatly increased wonder and admiration. And if sexual impulses dominate our lives to the extent that Freud supposes, then we are merely called upon to study the sexual instinct with a new reverence. It is senseless to persist in despising that which turns out to be the corner-stone of the building. In truth, all these moral categories are irrelevant to science; no scientific theory is disgusting; it is merely true or untrue. The fact that we attach more value to some phenomena than to others has nothing to do with a scientific account of their relations.

SOUTH AFRICAN MAMMALS: A SHORT MANUAL FOR THE USE OF FIELD NATURALISTS, SPORTSMEN AND TRAVELLERS. By Alwin Haagner. (Witherby. 20s. net.)—**ANIMAL LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.** By S. H. Skaife. (Oxford, Blackwell. 15s. net.)—Mr. Haagner's book will be more useful to sportsmen than to naturalists; that is, if they can be bothered with the scientific designation of the animals they exterminate. So indignant does the author become at the enormities of those who kill animals not for sport but for use, that his pen seems to be dipped in gunpowder mixed with water instead of in ordinary ink. It is a fashion which should be obsolete at this time of day. Of the information he conveys, the following nugget is a representative sample: "Animals form the great division in Nature termed the 'Animal Kingdom,' in opposition to the 'Vegetable' and 'Mineral' Kingdoms." Photographs of animals, both dead and alive, enliven a volume which is otherwise neither vivacious nor humane.

Mr. Skaife has the virtue both of knowledge of his subject, and of love for his subject-matter. His style, in spite of being spoiled occasionally by the exaggerated simplicity of statement which is a mark of many works on natural history, is pleasant, interesting, and always to the point. His survey of animal life in South Africa impresses one as being admirably complete, and he is not content to classify the different varieties; he describes them as well, so that an amateur naturalist should have no difficulty in giving them names, the privilege which is man's by immemorial right. The theorist will not find anything of particular interest in the book; but it will intrigue the general reader.

Fine Arts

THE NEW GENERATION

TOWN offers a brave show this month of pictures by our younger artists, and a tour of the exhibitions is very heartening. For there can be no gainsaying the industry of the new generation, its talent, its consistency of purpose, and the continuous progress which it makes from year to year.

Speaking generally, our young painters seem to be developing in three main channels: the channel which derives from the French Post-Impressionists and Expressionists, the channel which derives from Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and the channel which derives from Mr. Paul Nash.

All three tendencies are represented in the present exhibition at the Independent Gallery. The painters who draw their inspiration from France are headed by Mr. Duncan Grant and Mr. Mark Gertler. Mr. Grant is an artist of extreme sensibility and great assurance in execution, but his pictures frequently fail to move us because various formulæ, mannerisms and technical crudities will obtrude themselves between the painter's message and the spectator. For this reason we are happy to note that he has abandoned in his present exhibits a certain preserved-fruit colour formula which figured repeatedly in his earlier work. A formula of this kind is the most obvious and rudimentary stage of pictorial imagination, and Mr. Grant, who is imaginative enough to tackle major difficulties, can well afford to dispense with it. He is seen here in realistic mood in two interiors and a landscape which is nearer certain followers of Constable than many of his admirers might admit. Mr. Gertler is seen at his best in a picture called "The Bathers." But we postpone detailed appreciation of this artist's achievement till we come to the consideration of his one-man show at the Goupil Gallery. After Mr. Grant and Mr. Gertler we have Mrs. Bell, who shows several small decorative panels in which the animation is sustained right up to the frames. It would be difficult to find pictures more calculated to mystify the spectator who looks for nothing but representation in a painting, or pictures which justify themselves more simply to the spectator who approaches a painting with the same absence of *parti pris* as he approaches a carpet or an Indian shawl. They are not, of course, important or individual works—Mrs. Bell is only a follower in paths indicated by others—but they are nevertheless straws which show which way the wind blows, and they are indicative of a great change in the standards of English painting. The visitor who can get pleasure from Mrs. Bell's panels is prepared for the greater pleasures to be derived from the pictures by more serious and personal artists—for Mr. Keith Baynes' "The Window," for example, where this most conscientious student of relative forms and recessions has solved a problem which he has tackled less successfully once or twice before; for Mr. Elliott Seabrooke, who also analyses the plastic aspects of phenomena and evolves pictorial *motifs* from them; for Mr. Bernard Adeney and Mr. F. Griffith, whose effort runs parallel with that of Mr. Roger Fry.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Wyndham Lewis is not present in this exhibition to lead the group of artists who have learned so much from his complex talents. The contributions of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Wadsworth would have gained in significance by juxtaposition to an important work from his brush or a series of his remarkable drawings. For though these contributions are unthinkable without the pioneer's previous experiments in Cubism, they are, as they stand, perfectly self-sufficient and original expressions of two very definite and quite distinct personalities. Mr. Roberts has a great sense of constructional decoration; he

is relentless as a designer of impressive rhythms swinging through curiously complicated arabesques. And he moves us partly by these things and partly by his Olympian detachment from common life—a detachment which permits of a degree of kindly humorous pity for the antlike beings who swarm upon the earth and combine to create such strange skeletons and fantastic silhouettes. Mr. Wadsworth, who made his reputation with his Black Country drawings, is represented by a large portrait where he has been confronted with quite new problems. It is one thing to make a roughly conical slag-heap into a cone, it is quite another to make a roughly egg-shaped face into an egg. But the portrait is, nevertheless, a considerable achievement and further evidence of Mr. Wadsworth's courage in experiment and sound technical equipment.

If the Lewis school is without its leader in this exhibition the Nash school is in the opposite position—that is, Mr. Paul Nash is there in person, but his colleagues who derive from him are poorly represented or absent altogether. This arises from the fact that Mr. John Nash and Mr. Ethelbert White (who stand in much the same relation to Mr. Paul Nash as Mr. Roberts and Mr. Wadsworth stand to Mr. Lewis) have exhibitions of their own elsewhere. Mr. Paul Nash himself always strikes us as a dangerously gifted artist. His art is of an extraordinarily fine fibre; it is so slight, and so much of it is pure unprotected emotion, that one is always expecting it to be brushed aside or shattered by some coarse or clumsy thrust of destiny. By all the rules of the game Mr. Nash's art should have perished long ago. But by some miracle it persists and delights us afresh in each exhibition. There must be some steel within the seeming tenuous fibre which gives it strength and resilience. Or perhaps the explanation is that the artist carries his soul on his sleeve, but keeps the restraining intellect concealed. There is certainly well-balanced intellectual control in his "Coast Scene," with its finely formalized waves curling within the hard lines of the jetty and sea-wall, its cold grey colour, and the fantastic figures which flutter on the asphalt like dry leaves at the mercy of the elements. There is intellect, too, in "The Hills," a technically brilliant water-colour which holds its own rhythmically with the much more stylized and insistent drawings which surround it, and in the oil painting "Iver Heath" (very badly hung, by the way), which shows that Mr. Nash can still keep ahead of his school.

But it is emotion, not intellect, which we primarily respond to in Mr. Paul Nash's work, and this is brought home to us when we visit his brother's exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. For Mr. John Nash is as intellectual as his brother; he has an almost equal capacity for arranging a picture and formalizing tangled phenomena; he shows the same delight in differentiating varied and complicated tree forms. But he almost invariably fails to convey an emotional message—partly because his technical equipment is relatively inadequate, and partly because he has more a miniature than a decorative sense of composition, and no feeling at all for weight or rhythm. His water-colours are often thin and scratchy and disagreeable in colour, and his oil paintings suggest a toy-world where everything is made of *papier mâché* and painted in the brightest greens and purples and pinks. When Mr. John Nash succeeds—and he succeeds sometimes completely and beyond question, as in the large "Cornfield" belonging to Mr. Marsh—is when he paints wholly and frankly from a naïf point of view, or when he is wholly and frankly miniaturist, as in the admirable woodcuts of animals, which we commend to the notice of collectors.

Mr. Ethelbert White makes a more convincing and interesting show at Messrs. Paterson & Carfax's Gallery in Bond Street. We can hardly remember an artist who has made more progress in a short time than Mr. White.

A year ago he was producing water-colour drawings of dogmatic assertion, and oil paintings in the Slade School Pre-Raphaelite manner. Suddenly, at a bound, he has leapt through these cold and formal ready-made systems to direct communion with life and the world of visible things. His "English Country House" is a rich and beautiful picture, conceived specifically from the painter's point of view, and executed with a sense of pigment-quality which we have not found before in his work. Then his water-colour landscape drawings, personal adaptations of Mr. Paul Nash's formulæ, are also extremely satisfying. They create a decorative effect of the character of tapestry, and within it there is much real observation and feeling.

Mr. Mark Gertler's exhibition in the Goupil Gallery reveals an artist who has arrived by continuous study at an individual solution of some of the problems left by Cézanne and Renoir as a heritage to future painters. He devotes special attention to the creation of a unified surface to his pictures, that is, a surface of which the parts, however varied in colour or even in texture, are so closely interwoven that it is impossible for the eye to detect the junctions or to fix upon any isolated passage. Within the area of this surface there appear generalized statements of specific form, expressed in light and shade. Mr. Gertler has always had a tendency to make his selected specific forms too exclusively the subject of his pictures, and this tendency, which we regard as a weakness in a painter who is relatively sterile on the imaginative side, is more marked in the present exhibition than ever. The self-portrait called "The Studio" suggests comparison with classical Dutch pictures, and fails lamentably under the test; but the still-life "Tulips" and the little landscape with a garden statue—where the artist restricts himself to modern problems and restrains his interest in isolated things—are much more successful and more on the level of his excellent "Bathers" at the Independent Gallery. R. H. W.

CORA AND JAN GORDON

THE present exhibition at the Burlington Gallery of pictures by Cora and Jan Gordon is the result of a visit to Southern Spain, and represents their first impressions of essentially Spanish landscape. As such the exhibition makes an historical and topographical appeal, but it also has a message to those who know nothing of Spain, but are interested in painting. This visit may prove to have been of great importance in the development of these talented and enthusiastic young artists. For something in the nature of increased consciousness of pictorial essentials is certainly evident in the sketches which date, presumably, from the latter part of the trip. It is possible, in fact, to detect two distinct forms of endeavour in the exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon would seem to have gone to Spain with comparatively conventional impressionist equipment, and to have been tempted or coerced by the structural majesty of the landscape to adopt more severe and plastic standards. In the impressionist sketches the artists have made little attempt to paint pictures, properly so called; they have contented themselves with noting some effective feature in its surroundings. In the later, more consciously designed works, they have set out to fill the surface within the frame with a series of coloured symbols which, taken together, evoke the sensation of the landscape which aroused their interest and emotion. In several of the works exhibited at the Burlington Gallery both artists succeed in the more exigent task, which means that they have completed their apprenticeship and entered the ranks of the artists who count.

WE are happy to acknowledge receipt of a privately printed monograph on F. G. Stephens, who, it will be remembered, was one of the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and subsequently for forty years (1861-1901) art critic of THE ATHENÆUM. Stephens' picture, "Mother and Child with Toys," in the National Gallery at Millbank, is characteristic of its period and of the Pre-Raphaelite reaction, and it must be admitted a remarkable achievement when we consider that the artist was only twenty-one at the time he painted it.

Music

MUSICAL RHYTHM IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

THE general characteristic of sixteenth-century rhythm is its perfect freedom and flexibility, combined with a clearly conceived metrical organization. Our ancestors tried it by a very simple method and found it wanting. Observing the time-signature at the head of the composition, they inserted bar-lines at regular intervals, and then decided that where these bar-lines came, there and there only should the strong accents appear. Of course they found everything at sixes and sevens; the "strong accents" were ignominiously handed over to silly little words like "a" and "the," while the real stresses kept cropping up all the time in places where they had no business to come. Therefore our ancestors were puzzled; but instead of asking themselves whether they had rightly understood the method of rhythmical construction, they blandly dismissed the accentuation as "chaotic" and the music in general as "rhythmless." Of later years we have been more sensible; we have admired the miracles of just accentuation achieved by the sixteenth-century writers, and refused to trouble our heads about the bar-line. The metrical divisions, we admitted, were perplexing, they seemed often to be put there simply to puzzle us, and the best way to appreciate the free rhythmical flow of the music was to ignore them altogether. We took the music, in short, as *vers libre*.

That was a great step forward, for it set us free to admire the "just note and accent" so skilfully contrived by these old composers. But it left us still some way from understanding the full subtlety, complexity, and maturity of their technique. Sixteenth-century music is not *vers libre* at all. The time-signatures are no red herring, they indicate a definite system of metrical accentuation; but in order to leave the individual voices completely free, these metrical accents are indicated only by the harmony, and that only every now and again. To make this clear to non-musicians, a word or two of technical explanation is necessary. The employment of discord in the sixteenth century was governed by strict rules, one of which was that every discord had to be "prepared" in the form of a suspension; i.e., that the chord in which the discordant elements were heard together must be preceded (on the previous beat of the measure) by a chord of preparation, and followed (on the next beat) by a chord of resolution. Of this necessity came virtue, for the discord thus elaborately introduced was made to serve as the basis of metrical regulation. It could only occur on certain beats of the measure, and those beats varied with each different measure. In the ordinary duple metre, for instance, there are four minim beats in the measure, and discord may only occur on the first and third. In compound duple measure (the equivalent of the modern six-four time) there are six minim beats, divided into two groups of three, and discord must only occur on the middle one of each group, i.e., on the second and fifth beat of the measure. Triple measure can also be considered as having six minim beats, but in this case the discord must appear only on the first, third, or fifth beat. More often the semibreve is the unit in triple measure, which is thus regarded as containing three semibreve beats; discord may only occur, then, on the second of these beats. Naturally, there are many measures, often several measures together, in which no discord occurs, and the metrical accents are then felt only by the imagination. They may, of course, coincide with the rhythmical accents, agogic or dynamic, of one or more of the individual voices, but equally they may not. On the whole, however, it may be said that in places where discords are few and far between, the composer tended to

make his rhythm more metrical in character, so that the ear might not find it unduly hard to recognize the underlying metrical framework. Occasionally he took a licence, more occasionally still he made a slip, but the exceptions of either kind are so infrequent that they do but serve to establish the rule more firmly.

Such is, very briefly, the rhythmical system of sixteenth-century music. The reader will now understand why we described this music as being more complex, more subtle, and artistically more mature than any music that has been written since. It is more complex, because instead of a single conflict between rhythmical stress and metrical quantity (as in verse), there is a veritable network of conflict, each part being continually at variance with every other part, and also with the whole. It is more subtle because of its perfect rhythmical flexibility, and because it relies more on the agogic than on the dynamic accent. It is more mature from an æsthetic standpoint, because there is no waste, no *parties de remplissage*, no harmonic figuration. Its very limitations, as we have seen, are turned into an additional resource, for its carefully-prepared discords are made to serve the purpose of metrical definition, and each of the individual voices is thus set free to pursue its own course in perfect melodic and rhythmic independence. To enjoy it, it is not necessary to be conscious in detail of everything that is going on; probably no mortal ear is capable of such an achievement. The general effect can be realized by anyone who will make up his mind to listen for the rhythms, and leave the harmony to take care of itself. It may need a little concentration at first, for the harmonic habit of mind has become deeply ingrained in us, but the effort will bring a rich reward to those who make it.

Modern music has nothing to compare with this system. Composers have grown weary of the despotism of the bar-line, and have tried many ways of escape: sometimes by means of so-called "irregular times"—five-four, seven-four, and so on; sometimes by varying the primary rhythm and substituting five-bar periods, seven-bar periods, and so on for the traditional four-, six- and eight-bar schemes; sometimes by throwing metre frankly overboard and dispensing with a time-signature; sometimes by writing in one metre something conceived in a different one—a naïve method, exemplified in one of Dvorak's Slavonic Dances, whose opening metre is a four-four followed by a two-four, the time-signature being three-four. These are all very well in their way, there is nothing to be said against any of them; nor against such interesting metrical experiments as that in the "Pantoum" of Ravel's Trio, where each of the three instruments has a metre of its own, the accents coinciding only at the end of every twenty-fourth measure (we speak from memory). But nowhere in music to-day do we get the subtlety which poets obtain by playing off stress against quantity, the real accent against the imaginary one. Yet that was a commonplace in the sixteenth century; surely one may hope that our modern composers will rediscover the secret?

How, it is the business of counterpoint to show them. And, we repeat, it is only by contrapuntal experiment, in the long run, that harmonic resource can be amplified, and the harmonic vocabulary permanently enriched. In course of experiment, moreover, we may easily discover that existing resources are not so inadequate as we believed, and that if harmony has failed us, it is only because we have tried to make it do too much. Once we have learned to listen for rhythm, we shall not have so much attention to spare for harmony. In any event, it seems certain that the music of the sixteenth century is about to receive closer attention, both from composers and the public, than it has ever received before. To such attention it is fully entitled, both for its own sake and for the sake of what we can learn from it.

R. O. M.

CONCERTS

AN interesting performance of concerted chamber-music for the harp was given by Miss Gwendolen Mason at the Wigmore Hall on January 31, with the assistance of Mr. John Coates and a select band of instrumentalists. Many unfamiliar pieces were heard, by far the best of them being Mr. Goossens' little suite for flute, violin, and harp, and Mr. Bax's "Elegiac Trio," for flute, viola, and harp. The other composers showed themselves, for the most part, far too inclined to treat the harp as a sort of *continuo*, with a perpetual accompaniment of heavy chords and rolling arpeggios to fill in the harmony. It is a method that is guaranteed to make anyone heartily sick of the instrument within half-an-hour or so. Mr. Sainton's songs are not songs at all; there is not a salient phrase in the voice part, and the words, even when sung by Mr. Coates, are merely an excuse for strings, harp, flute, and clarinet to come and disport themselves fussily in the centre of the stage. It was a concert quite out of the ordinary run, but the programme was too long, and unfortunately most of the dull items came at the beginning and most of the interesting ones at the end, when we were all too tired to do them justice.

The third of Miss Dorothy Silk's recitals of old sacred music took place at the Steinway Hall on February 5, when the programme was devoted to Schütz, Purcell, and Bach. Miss Silk was assisted by Dr. Goodey and Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, as well as by Dr. Darke (piano), Mr. Hedges (flute), Mr. Hinchcliffe (oboe) and the Pennington String Quartet. Opportunities of hearing this music adequately performed (or even performed at all) are rare, so that readers may be interested to know that Miss Silk's next (and last) recital will take place in the Steinway Hall on February 19, when Schütz, Purcell, and Bach again figure largely in the programme.

Drama

"THE TEMPEST" AT THE ALDWYCH

THE best hope of securing more intelligent productions of Shakespeare in the future lies in cutting resolutely adrift from stage tradition about these plays. It is perhaps chiefly owing to the accident of a classical phase of literary taste taking the place of Elizabethan romanticism so soon after the Restoration that the traditions we have inherited are so singularly inappropriate. Roughly speaking, the whole gallery of Shakespearian characters has been transformed under the influence of classicism from individualities to types. It is seldom (we might indeed safely say it is never) that Shakespeare brings in a Third Murderer or a Clown to give a two-line message without at least sketching an individuality. By the inverse method the effort of the men of the theatre has always been to reduce his leading characters to conventional types—to make Claudius in "Hamlet" the ordinary "tyrant," Bottom a commonplace "yokel" and so on. Until we get back from these empty universals to the particulars Shakespeare drew, we shall have no revivals of his plays worth seeing, nor (except as scenic panoramas) will those revivals pay.

It is because Miss Viola Tree's revival of "The Tempest" points on the whole away from tradition and towards independent thinking-out of the problems of the play that it is, despite some defects, a really promising sign. The emancipation is not yet anything like complete. Some of the scenes and a good many of the magic "tricks" and the flying wires are part of the old lumber as well as the interpretation of some of the characters—*e pur si muove*. It is significant that though we are not spared a "wreck tableau" we do also get, in front of it, the storm scene that Shakespeare wrote. And though the visions and dances of spirits and "strange shapes" are as stagey as can be, they are, nevertheless, kept in their place as subordinaet

to the story itself. There is certainly progress on the whole.

We are sorry to have to place Miss Winifred Barnes's Ariel on the traditional side of the line—sorry, because she never plays anything without a rare personal charm of her own, and because she plays this Ariel of her conception with perfect finish. But it is just this "finish" that is fatal. For her Ariel is not a naughty, whirling *Poltergeist*, but a *ballerina*, endowed with all the daintinesses and graces and courtesies that come of long schooling in an aristocratic social order. All this is stage-tradition, the refinement of Augustan sentiment, not the ethereality of Elizabethan fancy. Miss Barnes is an Ariel from the "Rape of the Lock"; she ought to wear powder. She is altogether out of the poem—and, because she is she, altogether adorable.

To tradition belong also the Trinculo (though we ought to note that we saw an understudy) and Mr. Ambrose Manning's enormously over-drunk Stephano. Caliban is not in much danger of being conventionalized, because there is no established convention about him (classicism puts up its hands when it meets a Caliban). We had Sir Frank Benson's extravagant mediæval demon, and—so much nearer the truth!—Herbert Tree's plaintive, savage child with the ear for music. Mr. Louis Calvert shows us a simple figure like a Neapolitan *lazzarone* in skins; he seems to us too entirely human and intelligible. Miss Joyce Carey, the Miranda, at any rate, leaps bravely out of tradition, and strives to show something of the naïveté and wildness of the island-bred child. It is a good thought, but perhaps she makes too big a holocaust of the dignity of the part. Miranda ought not to get so many laughs.

It might be thought, from this, that on the whole the results of the revival are disappointing. But that is because we have not yet spoken of its real jewel, Mr. Henry Ainley's Prospero. Here, at last, we have true and sensitive Shakespearian interpretation. If parts of "The Tempest" have in days past seemed a bore, it was because of those terrible conventional Prosperos, half patriarch and half Lucifer, tediously declaiming in bass voices. Mr. Ainley sweeps away this lay figure and gives us the ex-Duke as he paints himself in the opening scenes. Here is the slight and nervous student, his beardless face furrowed with care and reflection, the sarcastic, kindly, imperious aristocrat, politically ruined by his dreams and his absent-mindedness. We perceive at once how this fantasist must have been as intolerable to the bourgeois of Milan as Louis of Bavaria to the bourgeois of Munich; and yet how those who knew him loved him, and those who struck him repented as if they had struck a child. We see, too, that Caliban had something to complain of, and how it was that Ariel, taking his master's measurement, dared to be so fretful and impertinent. In fact, we see a heap of things that we ought to have seen before and did not. To make us do that is the business of the Shakespearian actor. It is almost a dream to find the explanation scene at the opening of the play—usually so ponderous a lecture with angry rappings to recall Miranda's wandering attention—slipping past without a yawn, as the breathless, disjointed sentences pour from the tense-charged figure with the romantic aureole of graying hair in the course of its paces to and fro upon the strand. It is his own straying thoughts, not Miranda's, that this Prospero has to call back to order. That Mr. Ainley as an Old Bensonian has not forgotten the art of speaking blank verse with effortless perfection is a fact of which most playgoers scarcely need to be reminded. His Prospero is in every way worthy of his reputation, and we are glad that it falls to us "to break our rod" in praising such an admirable performance.

D. L. M.

Correspondence

SHELLEY AND DANCING

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Ingpen in his "Shelley in England" qualifiedly asserts as to the possible acquaintanceship of the poet and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who was at Oxford in Shelley's day: "That Sharpe knew Shelley personally is probable, but they had little in common, and there is no reason for supposing that they were more than acquaintances." *Perhaps* they were no more than casual acquaintances; but it is interesting to note that in a letter of Sharpe's which seems to have escaped Mr. Ingpen's attention, Sharpe begs his friend Mrs. Balfour (the wife of Colonel Balfour, of Edinburgh) to permit him to bring Shelley, "and his friend Mr. Hutchinson," to a party at the Balfour home.

The letter is undated, but is printed at pages 497-8 of Vol. I. of "Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq." (ed. Allardyce, 2 vols. 1888), among other letters written by Sharpe in 1811, and reads as follows:

MY DEAR MADAM,—In case I should not find you at home when I swim to Heriot Row to-day, I impudently write this to beg that you will permit me to bring to your party Mr. Shelley—who is a son of Sir Timothy Shelley—and his friend Mr. Hutchinson. They are both very gentlemanly persons, and dance quadrilles eternally. I will make no apologies for this intrusion, but rely upon your good-nature for an excuse; and so I rest, dear Madam, your ever faithful servant,

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

93, Princes Street, Saturday.

Not only is the letter interesting as showing that Shelley, while in the Scotch capital with his bride in the fall of 1811, was introduced into Edinburgh society; but it also establishes Shelley's pleasure and skill in dancing to

Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical,

and introduces us to a friend, "Mr. Hutchinson," of whom I have been unable to find any record in the biographies of the poet, or in Shelley's letters. Could he have been the "young Scotch advocate" who was the companion of Shelley and Harriet in the London-to-Edinburgh mail, who "told the young poet how to get married" (that is, sent Shelley to that celebrator of irregular and clandestine marriages, the Rev. Joseph Robertson), and who "saw him [Shelley] several times afterwards"? Hogg, who is responsible ("Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley," Vol. I., p. 452) for these quotations, did not, unfortunately, furnish the name of this chance acquaintance.

At the moment I am unable to identify further the "Colonel Balfour" whose impending marriage to "Miss Fordyce" was mentioned in a letter from Sharpe to his (Sharpe's) mother, from Edinburgh, June 14, 1808 ("Letters," &c., Vol. I., p. 339).

Yours very truly,

WALTER EDWIN PECK.

Exeter College, Oxford.

PSYCHOLOGY IN CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I really find little to disagree with in Mr. H. P. Collins' letter disagreeing with my "Plea for Psychology in Criticism." His criticism of my criticism of criticism seems to me to be merely scientific in spirit; and that in spite of his agreement with me that criticism is an art. Worse still, and in spite of my almost tiresome asseverations to the contrary, he implies that I, too, take criticism to be a science. "The methods of psychology," he says—and he is obviously thinking of the science and not of the art of psychology—"are largely conceptual," "the divination of beauty," on the other hand, being "wholly intuitional." Now if criticism were a science, and if I had been advocating the claim of Freud to be a critic, this objection would be perfectly valid; but criticism being an art, and the psychology I wrote about being psychology in the literary sense, the objection is simply irrelevant. Moreover, Mr. Collins' distinction is altogether too sweeping. The *methods* of the latest psychology are becoming more and more intuitional; Freud still works mainly with concepts, it is true, but Jung has discarded most of them; and psycho-analysis as practised

by him and by some of his followers is a matter almost purely of intuition. In my article, however, I was thinking of the psychology of writers like Stendhal, Dostoevsky, Machiavelli in his great "History of Florence," Coleridge in his "Lectures on Shakespeare," and a hundred more whom it would be tedious to mention. If Mr. Collins maintains that psychology in this sense "does not attain reality through the path of beauty," I can only refer him to "La Chartreuse de Parme." And if he persists that psychology cannot fathom the soul of art, I must conclude that he is among those who unconsciously divorce art from life. He falls in that case into the error, which is very common, of thinking of art not as a human expression, but as a barren thing in itself.

When Mr. Collins inquires in what sense I use the word "reality," he forgets once more that criticism is an art. For if he agrees that it is, it is obviously unnecessary to assume, or not to assume, that I use the word in a metaphysical, a scientific "actualist," or a Platonic sense. Croce left us with one certain truth, that art is intuition. When I speak of reality, then, obviously I mean the reality revealed by intuition to the critic.

Then Mr. Collins is unfair to Mr. Janko Lavrin when he accuses him of a failure to assess Dostoevsky's achievement. An attempt to do so, full of admirable intuitions, is made in the chapter entitled "Dostoevsky and Modern Art." Whether Mr. Lavrin's theory of criticism is the same as mine I do not know, and I shall not until his four other volumes on modern European literature—of which his "Dostoevsky" is the first, and of which the last will be a sort of synthesis—have appeared. But I fail to see that Mr. Lavrin's method, any more than that of psychological criticism in general, is analysis. Here again Mr. Collins is misled, it seems to me, by the conviction either that criticism is a science, or that I take it to be so.

I should like to clear up what may lead to a fresh misunderstanding. When I said in my article that the critic must be an artist, a psychologist and a philosopher, I did not mean that criticism must be art, psychology and philosophy. That is another matter.

Finally, I think Mr. Collins is wrong when he says that my theories do not shape my conclusions. He has misconstrued my theories, and I feel sure that he has only disagreed with his misconstructions of them. Certainly these would not lead him to the conclusion to which I came.

EDWARD MOORE.

KEATS AND SHELLEY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In your issue of February 4, on p. 124, your reviewer makes the statement that "it is most unlikely that Keats and Shelley ever met." Your reviewer is, of course, quite wrong. It is natural enough for him to have forgotten the fact, but he should not have reproved Mr. Winbolt for what he considered to be a "misapplication" without having previously sought confirmation of his belief.

There is material in the relations between Keats and Shelley for a long essay, but to the best of my knowledge no one has yet treated this subject exhaustively. As your reviewer does not seem to be alone in his mistake, perhaps you will permit me, Sir, to outline very briefly the intercourse between the two oft-contrasted poets.

Shelley first met Keats at Leigh Hunt's cottage at Hampstead in December, 1816. They had both been acquainted with their host for but a short time, but the charm of his appearance and his conversation, added to their sympathy with the "wronged Libertas," made them eagerly cultivate his friendship. There were frequent meetings between the two great poets at the small one's house, but no intimacy. There was no lack of goodwill on the part of the senior, but Keats, we are told, was very sensitive on the score of his origin, and in his pride feared that he might be expected to become one of Shelley's pensioners, like Hunt himself. Therefore he declined an invitation from Shelley to visit him at Great Marlow, pleading that he wished to have his "own unfettered scope."

In the beginning of 1818 he again saw Shelley at Hunt's, and the three of them one evening in February sat down to compose in a quarter of an hour a sonnet on the River Nile. Hunt's effort is one of his best, and for once is superior to those of the greater poets. After that there was no intercourse

or correspondence between them, until Shelley, writing from Pisa, invited Keats to spend the winter of 1820 with them in Italy. Keats, in rapidly declining health and spirits, and actually contemplating a visit to Italy, rather ungraciously refused, and proffered in the same letter the now famous advice to Shelley that he should concentrate more upon his work, be more of an artist, "and load every rift of your subject with ore." Later, says Lord Houghton, when Keats had arrived at Naples, Shelley renewed his invitation in the most cordial terms, in a letter of the "most touching interest" (the phrase is Severn's), but it remained tragically unanswered. On February 23, 1821, Keats died, and all the world knows how Shelley sung his requiem.

I hope, Sir, you will find room for this letter. I refer any of your readers who desire to pursue the subject further to Sir Sidney Colvin's fine "Life of Keats."

I am yours faithfully,

JOHN L. GRAY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I owe you and Mr. S. E. Winbolt an apology for an error in my review of "The Poetry and Prose of Coleridge, Lamb and Leigh Hunt."

I stated, with one or two cold references to Shelley from Keats' letters in mind, that it was most unlikely that these two ever met. My friends Major Butterworth and Mr. W. E. Peck both send me scandalized letters, which I deserve, pointing out "The Wednesday before last, Shelley, Hunt and I wrote each a sonnet on the River Nile" [Keats, letter to George and Thomas Keats, 16 February (1818)]; and this from Hunt's "Autobiography," "I had not known [Keats] long when Shelley and he became acquainted under my roof. Keats did not take to Shelley as kindly as Shelley did to him," &c. Mr. Winbolt is vindicated.

Yours faithfully,

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE DECLINE IN BOOKSELLING

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Don't you think it time that some of your virtuous, book-loving readers, who hold such lofty views as to the way in which booksellers should conduct their business, undertook the responsibilities of office? In other words, would not their protests be more convincing if they opened a bookshop, conducted it on their own lines, and lived on the profits for five years? Both they and we would learn quite a lot. We are all familiar with the chronic grouser who attends every political meeting in his area, never missing an opportunity of holding forth as to how the Government ought to act. For the most part, these men are incompetent to manage a five-roomed house or the least ambitious vegetable-stall. A genuine book-lover with catholic taste, and with sufficient critical acumen to edit THE ATHENÆUM, combined with a sufficient modicum of decorative sense and intuitive familiarity with popular susceptibility to dress the windows of Messrs. Debenham & Freebody, could, almost certainly, be pretty sure of earning the £4 a week now paid to London road-sweepers, by conducting a bookshop on self-respecting lines in any town of over ten thousand inhabitants. Let us consider the exact degree of financial thrill which a provincial bookseller experiences when a customer orders a book published say at 5s. The bookseller sends a penny postcard to his wholesaler in London, ordering the book. The wholesaler charges him 4s. 2d. for the book, together with the cost of postage, say 6d. Up to this point, the book has cost him 4s. 9d. If the customer, having lost his interest in the book, does not call for it, the bookseller can either waste another penny postcard in reminding him (in which case his possible profit is reduced to 2d.), or he can keep the book in stock, hoping for some lucky day when another customer may happen to arrive with the same want. Even the most enthusiastic of us need something to eat sometimes. And even if we are so very ethereal, our wives and children are apt to be made of sterner stuff. As Mr. Squeers might have said, "B-O-O-K-S-H-O-P, bookshop—go an' run one."

It may interest some of your critics to learn that at Petersfield is a bookshop that might give them occasion to think. Not many of them would be quite so ready to universalize after they had paid it a visit.

Yours,

HARRY ROBERTS.

Foreign Literature

LETTERS FROM GERMANY

VIII.—A SCHOOL OF WISDOM*

THERE are certain people whose hobby it is to collect apologies. A few weeks ago I met an Englishman travelling in Germany on some sort of official mission. Artists, musicians and men of letters did not happen to come within its purview, and he had no opportunity of meeting the social class with which I am in daily contact. He asked me one question which struck me as amusingly characteristic of the English official mind—"Have you met with any signs of *repentance*?" I replied that on principle I did my best to avoid all discussion of the war and its causes. I have met with no signs of "repentance"; I never expected to meet any, and had I met them I should have found them embarrassing to receive. Such professions as my compatriot seemed to expect may possibly be agreeable to ambassadors and High Commissioners, but hardly to an ordinary human being who is in receipt of continuous kindness and hospitality. I prefer lemon to saccharine as the accompaniment of my tea.

There are being developed in Germany to-day a variety of new movements which the foreigner easily supposes to be products of the war. Most of them, as a matter of fact, are of older origin. Before the war little was heard of them; during the war they were naturally suppressed. The experiences of those years did not bring them to birth, but merely intensified them; the Revolution made it possible for them to be more widely considered. In so far as these movements are political, they are often mutually hostile. Yet they have a common factor, and it is this common factor which is at the same time their most inward and their most valuable impulse. This factor is not political but spiritual. The terror which overhangs us all is the total disappearance of European civilization. If Europe is not to relapse into utter barbarism, some new ideal of life must take the place of its former civilization; for whatever the new leaders may hope to make of the future, they are agreed in the conviction that the old civilization is bankrupt. The keyword which stands out conspicuously in the pages of all these writers, however divergent their views, is *der Mensch*. A collection of poems by the generation which the Revolution represents bears the title "*Menschheitsdämmerung*." But they intend it to be a dawn as well as a twilight. To find an equivalent in English for such words as these is difficult. "The dawn of Humanity" sounds rather *vieux jeu*; "humanitarianism" at once calls up some epithet of pity, if not of contempt. Germany's refusal to be latinized has its advantages. They were saying the same thing in Germany in the days of Mozart. "Will Tamino have the strength to go through his trials?" asks the Orator: "remember, he is a prince." "He is more," replies the man of wisdom: "*er ist Mensch*." And the word *Mensch* may suggest not only a common brotherhood of man, but the development of individual personality to its most intense degree.

Books with such titles as "What's Wrong with Germany" and "What I Mean to Do" might suggest that the author was the German equivalent of Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Bottomley, if that is not a contradiction in terms. But Count Hermann Keyserling is of a very different cast of mind. He is best known as the author

of "Das Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen," which even those who do not hold his social theories in much respect agree to regard as a literary work of rare excellence. He owns, or did own, vast estates in the Baltic Provinces; he has travelled all over the world, speaks many languages fluently, has consorted with persons of eminence in various countries, is peculiarly well-read in philosophy, more especially that of the East, and is now living in a semi-detached villa at Darmstadt, placed at his disposal by one whose kind heart has outlived his semi-detached coronet. Thence he views, in a spirit of self-contained semi-detachment, the past, the present and the future.

Germany's present ruin, he points out, is her fourth experience: the collapse of the Hohenstaufens, the end of the Thirty Years' War, the year 1806, all were disasters of just the same kind. This historical parallel, I may observe, is at least comforting in that it holds out some hope of yet another resurrection. Count Keyserling maintains that German imperialism was irrational, because there was no real national will behind it, as there is behind the political ambitions of France and England. The utter absence of this national will is shown, he says, by the fact that the Germans, although at first generally welcomed as liberators in the lands of which they took possession, never succeeded in obtaining a lasting foothold there. War for the German temperament has from the Middle Ages been an end in itself, not a means to a political end; the essential patriotism of Germans has been not the consciousness of a political mission to the world, but, as with the Chinese, a pride in their own civilization and culture, a devotion to their own soil and home. Keyserling draws a distinction between *Wille*, a creative but subconscious will, and *Sehnsucht*, a conscious but uncreative longing; *Absicht*, practical constructive intention, supplies a manufactured substitute for what this longing is impotent to produce. Germany's true political mission is to be the outcome of her totally unpolitical character. The English are by nature political. A Brahman of Southern India said to Count Keyserling: "Why should we wish to get rid of them? They are in their right place. Government requires superficial intelligences which are content to deal with things commonplace and disgusting. We of India are too profound, too distinguished, too sensitive for that. The English positively enjoy being policemen." In the new era politics are to be a superfluity. It is useless for Germany to attempt to parliamentarize herself on the model of France or England. Autocracy is her natural form of government, but it must be a new kind of autocracy. The Germans are not really aristocratic, in spite of appearances to the contrary; the power of the aristocracy in Germany lay not in its will to command, but in the people's will to obey. On the other hand, the Germans are indeed aristocratic in the sense that they have an appreciation of quality, a respect for intellectual and spiritual ideals paralleled only in India and China. Germany is therefore to lead the world towards an aristocracy of intellect co-extensive with humanity itself. This German aristocracy will be at first an aristocracy of ability (*Können*), for the Germans, in Keyserling's view, are entirely deficient in that feeling for character (*Sein*) which is the mark of the Anglo-Saxons. For English character Keyserling seems to have a somewhat exaggerated admiration, although he knows perfectly well that it is based on a religion of cant—he couples the very word *Cant* with *Katholicismus* as if they were equally formal confessions of faith. Germany he believes to surpass all other nations in its power of distinguishing what is objectively right from what is subjectively desirable; in its sense of responsibility it is surpassed only by the still more *bourgeois* Switzerland. Its third great quality is its conservatism, which like that of England

* Mr. Dent's previous Letters have appeared in THE ATHENÆUM of the following dates: Letter I., November 5; Letter II., November 19 and 26; Letter III., December 17; Letter IV., December 31, 1920; Letter V., January 14; Letter VI., January 21; Letter VII., February 4.

preserves not the things which are old, but those which are eternal. It is for these reasons that Germany is to solve the social problem, to found the ideal democracy, to point the way on beyond political expediency, and to be the keeper of the world's conscience.

Keyserling's ideas may seem at times self-contradictory, but they are certainly suggestive and stimulating. He maintains firmly that the spiritual force of the future must be not religion, but philosophy; not, however, the philosophy of the professors, but that of the ideal wise man, as Nietzsche visualized him. But he recognizes that both religion and learning have achieved their power in the world because they created the castes of priests and professors. The ideal philosopher must therefore be organized and recognized in the same way; only the seminary of philosophy will not produce mere men of routine because its essential methods will be the development of individual personality. To this end Count Keyserling has opened his *Schule der Weisheit* at Darmstadt. It is conducted somewhat in the manner of a religious "retreat." The pupil is to spend a fortnight at Darmstadt—not more at any one time—and hand himself over to the master as a patient to his physician or as a penitent to his confessor. What Count Keyserling teaches him it is impossible to say; privacy is essential to instruction of so intimate a character. For the present no public lectures are given, except occasionally in other places by way of propaganda; nor does the founder of the School think it desirable that instruction should be given there by anyone except himself.

It is natural enough that such an institution should be viewed by others with considerable scepticism. Those whose political ideals are definitely of the Left are a little suspicious towards an aristocrat under grand-ducal and capitalistic patronage. The Count talks too much, they feel, about the educative influences of the nursery and the so-called English ideals of character:

Let us see if Philip can
Be a little gentleman!

One can hardly wonder at a certain sense of pique on the part of those young leaders of new thought in Germany who, both in manners and in appearance, are no less faultless than their fellow-revolutionaries in Chelsea.

Yet even so utterly different a thinker as Carl Sternheim, who, in his comedies and essays, ceaselessly scourges that *juste milieu* of Berlin W. in which he was brought up, seems between the lines to preach the same fundamental doctrines—the value of individual personality, the leadership of the poet and the philosopher, the triumph of ideas over facts. As to the actual working of the School of Wisdom, its result simply depends upon one thing, the personality of Count Keyserling himself. He expounded his ideas to me for about an hour in an amazing flow of voluble English, but I will be neither so ungrateful nor so presumptuous as to attempt a judgment upon him.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE Islenzka Bókmentafelag in Reykjavik has just published Vol. III. Part 4, and Vol. IV. Part 1 of Thorvaldur Thoroddsen's "Lysing Islands." This work is an historical survey of the land and its inhabitants, and the first two volumes, which appeared in 1908-11, dealt with the natural features of the island. The present volumes, bearing the title "Landbunadr á Islandi," furnish an enormous mass of material for the student of Icelandic economic history.

The Society, being unable to continue the publication of the "Fornbréfasafn" owing to the war, decided to publish the "Bréfabók" of Bishop Guðbrandr Thorláksson, famous as the printer and part-translator of the first complete edition of the Icelandic Bible. Parts 1 and 2 have just reached us. The Society has also published Vol. III. Parts 3-4 of "Íslendinga Saga eftir Boga Th. Melsted."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

HISTOIRE DE FRANCE CONTEMPORAINE.—Tome I. LA RÉVOLUTION (1789-1792). Par P. Sagnac. (Paris, Hachette. 30fr.)

THE French Revolution can be treated in more ways than one—with epic irony as by Carlyle, with philosophic analysis as by Lord Acton, or in the narrative style, of which M. Sagnac's volume is the latest and most complete example. Carlyle's method has the disadvantage of exaggerating persons and incidents out of proportion to their importance. With Lord Acton's so much depends on the philosopher, who is apt to bring to bear on his subject tests too severe for the lay intelligence. But if the story is left to tell itself, so to speak, we get much nearer the heart of things. A dispassionate exposure of the facts explains to us why a movement that began so well lost its impetus; why reform gave place to insurrection, and insurrection had recourse to outrage; and why the cannonade of Valmy inaugurated not, as men hoped, a regenerated world but organized slaughter.

The work of the Constituent Assembly was noble and enduring, for the Code Napoléon only codified, after all. It was no small achievement to have abolished privilege, set men on an equality before the law, divided the land into holdings and given free play to industry and commerce. But though the deputies did much for the middle class, they did little for the poorer peasants and next to nothing for the workmen. The "active citizens" only numbered some two millions, and the non-enfranchised had no voice in affairs. The ecclesiastical changes, well-conceived though they were, created unfortunately as many non-jurors as constitutional priests. Having neglected the Papacy, the Constituent Assembly saw all hope of a united France vanish with the declaration of hostility by the Vatican. They had, in fact, made the *bourgeoisie* the leading social class, and increased the discontent of those outside the pale by yielding to the lure of an inflated paper currency, with consequent high prices.

Thus, though a new France was born, it had little stability in the face of popular discomfort and the fear, the very real fear, of foreign invasion. A good deal has been made of the self-denying ordinance, brought forward by Robespierre, which prohibited members of the Constituent Assembly from sitting in the Legislative. The mistake, however, was not serious, since politicians, all pretty much on one level, abounded. The Legislative Assembly had quite the energy of its predecessor, and Condorcet's educational proposals, together with universal suffrage, rounded off the reconstruction of France.

The Legislative Assembly, however, had no driving force. A Food Controller, armed with despotic powers, might conceivably have saved France, even before the days of railways and motor-lorries, since much of the shortage was created by speculators. But, in default of any system of distribution, the revolutionary Commune could freely turn popular needs to account. The failure of the flight to Varennes was, perhaps, a fair argument for the abolition of the Monarchy, but "la Patrie en danger" by no means warranted the September massacres. We know the authors of that crime now: Marat, who preached it, the Supervisory Committee who ordered it, and the fifty and odd murderers—small tradesmen, a goldsmith, a locksmith and so forth—who executed it. And when a Minister could be found like the unhappy Roland to declare that "le peuple, terrible dans sa vengeance, y porte encore une sorte de justice," it was clear that the fever of revolution had not reached its crisis.

LL. S.

WE have received the special New Year number of *Il Libro Italiano*, containing a catalogue of a number of beautiful Italian gift-books from the leading publishers in Italy. It is issued by the Anonima Libreria Italiana of Turin, and will be sent gratis to any address on application.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Briffault (Robert).** *Psyche's Lamp: a Revaluation of Psychological Principles as Foundation of all Thought.* 8½x5½. 240 pp. Allen & Unwin, 12/6 n.
- Hill (Owen A.).** *Ethics, General and Special.* 8½x5½. 428 pp. Harding & More, 119, High Holborn, W.C., 21/ n.
- Holmes (Fenwicke L.).** *The Law of Mind in Action: Daily Lessons and Treatments in Mental and Spiritual Science.* 7½x4½. 217 pp. Routledge, 4/6 n.
- McTaggart (John McTaggart Ellis).** *The Nature of Existence. Vol. I.* 9½x5½. 330 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 22/6 n.
- Tridon (André).** *Psycho-analysis and Behaviour.* 7½x5. 354 pp. Kegan Paul, 10/6 n.

RELIGION.

- Bonnegent (C.).** *La Théorie de la Certitude dans Newman.* Ed. by Abbé Boissac. 9x5½. 220 pp. Paris, Alcan, 10fr. n.
- Hayes (Ernest H.).** *Children's Worship, and How to Conduct It: a Practical Guide for the Sunday School.* 7½x4½. 60 pp. "Teachers and Taught," 4, Fleet Lane, E.C.4, 1/ n.
- Martindale (C. C.).** *Introductory (Catholic Thought and Thinkers Series).* 7½x5. 160 pp. Harding & More, 119, High Holborn, W.C.1, 5/ n.
- Walker (J. G.).** *Religion and Human Progress (The Church's Message for the Coming Time, XI.).* 7½x4½. 93 pp. Milford, 2/ n.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

- Aron (Albert William).** *Traces of Matriarchy in Germanic Hero-Lore (Univ. of Wisconsin Studies in Language, 9).* 9½x6½. 78 pp. Madison, Wis., the University, 50c.
- Eve (Mrs. Enid), ed.** *Manual for Health Visitors and Infant Welfare Workers (Modern Clinic Manuals).* 8½x5½. 206 pp. Bale, 10/6 n.
- Fairgrieve (J.) and Young (E.).** *The Gateways of Commerce (New Era Library).* 7½x5. 280 pp. maps. Philip, limp cl. 2/6 n.
- Hobhouse (L. T.).** *The Rational Good: a Study in the Logic of Practice.* 8½x5½. 165 pp. Allen & Unwin, 8/6 n.
- Knight (Holford).** *Advancing Woman. Foreword by Mrs. M. G. Fawcett.* 7½x5. 95 pp. Daniel O'Connor, 90, Great Russell Street, W.C.1, 3/6 n.
- Martin (Hugh).** *Ireland in Insurrection: an Englishman's Record of Fact.* 7½x5. 223 pp. O'Connor, 90, Great Russell Street, W.C.1, 3/6 n.
- Osborne (Sidney).** *The New Japanese Peril.* 8½x5½. 187 pp. Allen & Unwin, 10/6 n.
- *Ransome (Arthur).** *The Crisis in Russia.* 7½x5. 152 pp. Allen & Unwin, 5/ n.
- Riordan (E. J.).** *Modern Irish Trade and Industry.* 7½x5. 347 pp. Methuen, 7/6 n.
- Taylor (G. R. Stirling).** *Guild Politics: a Practical Programme for the Labour Party and the Co-operators.* 7½x4½. 136 pp. Palmer, 3/6 n.
- Watkins (Gordon S.).** *Labour Problems and Labour Administration in the United States during the World War. Nos. 3 and 4 (Univ. of Illinois Studies in the Social Sciences).* 9½x6½. 247 pp. Urbana, Univ. of Illinois, \$1 each.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Dooley (William H.).** *Principles and Methods of Industrial Education, for Use in Teacher Training Classes.* 8x5½. 268 pp. Harrap, 6/ n.
- Encyclopædia and Dictionary of Education.** Ed. by Prof. Foster Watson. Part I. 10½x7½. 76 pp. il. Pitman, 2/ n.
- *Lamb (Charles).** *Miscellaneous Essays.* Ed. by A. Hamilton Thompson (Pitt Press Series). 6½x4½. 259 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 6/ n.
- *Smart (John S.).** *The Sonnets of Milton. With Introd. and Notes.* 8x5½. 195 pp. Glasgow, MacLehose & Jackson, 7/6 n.

PHILOLOGY.

- Harvard Studies in Classical Philology.** Vol. XXXI. 9x5½. 170 pp. Harvard, Mass., Cambridge Univ. Press (Milford), 6/6 n.
- Meillet (A.).** *Linguistique Historique et Linguistique Générale (Collection Linguistique, VIII.).* 10x6½. 343 pp. Paris, Champion.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

- Frachtenberg (Leo J.).** *Alsea Texts and Myths (Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 67).* 9½x5½. 304 pp. Washington, Govt. Printing Office.
- Hopkinson (Bertram).** *Scientific Papers.* Ed. by Sir J. A. Ewing and Sir J. Larmor. 11x7½. 507 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 63/ n.
- Stratton (F. J. M.).** *The Spectrum of Nova Geminorum II. (Annals of the Solar Physics Observatory, Cambridge).* 12x9½. 71 pp. pl. Cambridge Univ. Press, 16/ n.
- Torrend (J.).** *Specimens of Bantu Folk-Lore from Northern Rhodesia. Texts, English Translations, and Musical Illustrations.* 8½x5½. 187 pp. Kegan Paul, 10/6 n.

MEDICAL.

- Evans (Elida).** *The Problem of the Nervous Child.* 8½x5½. 307 pp. Kegan Paul, 12/6 n.
- Lister (Joseph, Lord).** *Six Papers. With short Biography by Sir Rickman J. Godlee (Medical Classics Series).* 7½x5. 202 pp. il. Bale, 10/ n.
- Scott (T. Bodley).** *Why do We Die? 7½x5. 123 pp. Fisher Unwin, 6/ n.*
- *Stopes (Marie Carmichael).** *Truth about Venereal Disease.* 7½x4½. 52 pp. Putnam, paper 1/6, cl. 2/6 n.

FINE ARTS.

- Brown (G. Baldwin).** *The Arts in Early England: Vol. V. The Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses, etc. With Philological Chapters by A. Blyth Webster.* 9½x6. 435 pp. il. and pl. Murray, 30/ n.
- Félice (Roger de).** *French Furniture under Louis XVI. and the Empire (Little Illustrated Books on Old French Furniture, IV.).* Tr. by F. M. Atkinson. 7½x5. 159 pp. il. Heinemann, 4/6 n.

MUSIC.

- *Chantavoine (Jean).** *De Couperin à Debussy (Les Maitres de la Musique).* 8x5½. 180 pp. Paris, Alcan, 7fr. 50.
- Church Music Society.** *Choral Festival Book: No. 1, Order of Evensong.* 8½x5½. 16 pp. Milford, 1/ n.

AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

- Platt (Agnes).** *Practical Hints on Training for the Stage.* 6½x4½. 128 pp. Stanley Paul, 3/6 n.
- Shipp (Horace).** *Community Playing: a Little Guide-Book of Production. Foreword by John Drinkwater.* 7½x4½. 36 pp. National Adult School Union, 6d. n.

LITERATURE.

- Ade (George).** *Hand-made Fables.* 7½x4½. 342 pp. il. Pearson, 6/ n.
- Burdett (Osbert).** *The Idea of Coventry Patmore.* 7½x5½. 213 pp. Milford, 7/6 n.
- Cazamian (Louis).** *L'Évolution Psychologique et la Littérature en Angleterre, 1660-1914.* 7½x4½. 269 pp. Paris, Alcan, 9fr.
- Karsten (T. E.).** *Svensk Bygd i Österbotten Nu och Fordom. En Namnundersökning av T. E. Karsten. I. Naturnamn (Skrifter utgivna av Svenska Litteratursällskapet i Finland, CLV.).* 9½x6. 702 pp. Helsingfors, Svenska Litteratursällskapet, 60fmk.
- Walker (Richard Johnson).** *Euripidean Fragments.* 8½x5½. 52 pp. Burns & Oates, 7/6 n.
- Walker (Richard Johnson).** *The Macedonian Tetralogy of Euripides.* 8½x5½. 139 pp. Burns & Oates, 12/6 n.
- Winstanley (Lillian).** *Hamlet and the Scottish Succession.* 8x5½. 198 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 10/ n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Dante.** *The Divine Comedy: Italian Text, with Translation in English Blank Verse and a Commentary by Courtney Langdon. Vol. II. Purgatorio.* 9x6. 538 pp. Cambridge, Mass., Harvard Univ. Press (Milford), 21/ n.
- Ghéon (Henri).** *Le Pauvre sous l'escalier: trois épisodes d'après la vie de St. Alexis (Répertoire du Vieux-Colombier).* 6½x3½. 117 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française, 3fr. 50.

- Green (Russell).** *Passions.* 7½x5½. 61 pp. Holden & Hardingham, 2/6 n.
- Keats (John).** *Poems.* Ed., with an Introduction, by E. de Selincourt. 9x5½. 695 pp. Methuen, 12/6 n.
- Murray (Arthur Turnour).** *Fables from the Russian, Greek, French and Latin. Tr. into English Verse.* 7½x5. 68 pp. Aberdeen, Lewis Smith & Son, 2/6 n.
- Pallen (Condé B.).** *The New Rubaiyat; and other Poems.* 7½x5½. 269 pp. Harding & More, 10/ n.
- Phillips (A. V.).** *The Tree of Life; and other Poems.* 7½x5½. 79 pp. Harding & More, 3/6 n.

FICTION.

- Blinders (Belinda).** *The Nouveau Poor: a Romance of Real Life in West London after the late War.* Edited by Desmond Coke. 7½x5. 166 pp. il. Chapman & Hall, 5/ n.
- Burke (Thomas).** *In Chinatown: More Stories from "Lime-house Nights."* 7x4½. 188 pp. Grant Richards, 2/ n.
- Clarke (Isabel C.).** *Ursula Finch.* 7½x5. 313 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.
- *Dostoevsky (Fyodor Mihalovitch).** *The Friend of the Family; or, Stepanchikovo and its Inhabitants (Novels of Dostoevsky, Vol. XII.).* Tr. by Constance Garnett. 7½x5. 361 pp. Heinemann, 7/6 n.
- Hewlett (Maurice).** *Mainwaring.* 7½x5½. 253 pp. Collins, 7/6 n.
- Montmorency (J. E. G. de).** *The Admiral's Chair; and other Sketches and Vignettes.* 7x4½. 167 pp. Milford, 6/ n.
- Norris (W. E.).** *Tony the Exceptional.* 7½x5. 280 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.
- Smirnow (Alexis).** *Sclirène: Roman Byzantin.* Tr. par Halpérine-Kaminsky. 7½x4½. 207 pp. Paris, Crés, 8fr.
- Titus (Harold).** *I Conquered.* 7½x5. 287 pp. Melrose, 7/6 n.
- Vernède (R. E.).** *The Port Allington Stories; and Others.* 7½x4½. 323 pp. Heinemann, 9/ n.
- Williamson (C. N. and A. M.).** *Berry Goes to Monte-Carlo.* 7½x5. 250 pp. Mills & Boon, 8/6 n.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- Archæological Survey of India, Western Circle.** *Progress Report, Archæology, Year ending March 31, 1919.* 12½x8. 65 pp. 27 pl. Bombay, Govt. Central Press, 5rup. 6an.
- Bugiel (Dr. V.).** *La Pologne et les Polonais.* 6½x5. 387 pp. Paris, Bossard, 9fr.
- Cagnat (R.) et Chapot (V.).** *Manuel d'Archéologie Romaine: Tome II. Décoration des Monuments; Peinture et Mosaïque.* 9x5½. 580 pp. il. Paris, Picard, 30fr.
- Faris (John T.).** *Seeing Pennsylvania.* 9x6. 350 pp. il. Lippincott, 21/ n.
- Hankey (Clement).** *Walks in the Holy Land, 1918-19.* 7½x5. 128 pp. map, il. Melrose, 4/6 n.
- Marshall (Archibald).** *A Spring Walk in Provence.* 9½x6½. 342 pp. il. maps. Collins, 15/ n.
- Newell (Lieut.-Col. H. A.).** *Topee and Turban; or, Here and There in India.* 8½x5½. 302 pp. il. Lane, 21/ n.
- Phillips' New Systematic Atlas for General Readers,** showing New Boundaries according to Peace Terms. Ed. by George Philip. 10x12½. 72 pl. 180 col. maps and diag. Philip, 16/ n.
- Wharton (Anne Hollingsworth).** *In Old Pennsylvania Towns.* 8½x6½. 350 pp. il. Lippincott, 21/ n.

BIOGRAPHY.

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- Gads Danske Magasin.** Feb. Copenhagen, Gad, Faas 1, Bogladerne, 3kr.
- John Rylands Library Bulletin.** Jan. 10½x6½. 214 pp. Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 4/ n.
- Law Quarterly Review.** Jan. Stevens & Sons, 5/ n.
- Lectura.** Dec., 1920. Madrid, Paseo de Recoletos, 25, 2.75pes.
- London Mercury.** Feb. Field Press, 3/ n.
- Nouvelle Revue Française.** Feb. Paris, 35-37, Rue Madame, 4fr. 50.
- Poetry.** Jan. (Special Australian Number.) Birmingham, Cornish Bros., 39, New St., 1/ n.
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